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ROMANCES FOR THE MILLION

GRAYBEARD & SORCERER
OR THE RECLUSE OF MOUNT ROYAL.



"IF THE SWORD HAS FAILED THE PISTOL SHALL NOT"

No. 4.



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**GRAYBEARD,
THE SORCERER;**

**OR, THE
RECLUSE OF MONT ROYALE.**

**BY
C. DUNNING CLARK.**

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GRAYBEARD

THE SORBET

REGISTERS OF MOST ROYAL

A. B. L. & CO. LONDON

GENERAL PURCHASING COMPANY
LONDON
350 STRAND W.C.

GRAYBEARD, THE SORCERER;

OR, THE

RECLUSE OF MONT ROYALE.

CHAPTER I.

A SOLITARY figure stood upon a height, now Mont Royale, overlooking the city of Montreal, as it stood in the early colonial days. He was past the middle age, and though plainly dressed, showed in his face and manner that he had not sprung from the poorer class. His figure was erect and stately, and his hair was dark, slightly touched with silver, and curling about his temples in thick masses. His dress was of sober brown, with knee-breeches, white stockings, and the conical hat of the period. The belt about his waist was of black leather, with a silver buckle supporting a long rapier of the most approved make, upon the hilt of which a white, patrician hand unconsciously lingered as he looked down upon the city at his feet with a strange, fixed, intent gaze.

"Is there, Montreal," he muttered, "back in your supposed safety, and keep within your walls your infamous robbers and traitors. But beware of me, for my day of vengeance

will surely come. I wish Chastellar would appear."

He sat down upon a loose boulder of gray stone, with his eye still fixed upon the distant city, and as he looked a mournful light showed itself in his firm set face.

"Who would have said, when I was in the zenith of my power fifteen short years ago, that I should be an outcast and a wanderer, homeless, hopeless, with a blot upon my name? I, who never dreamed of wrong—I, whose only thought was to build up in this wilderness a nation which should be a refuge for all mankind, oppressed by the strong hand of power. It drives me mad to think of it. Ha! who comes now?"

He sprung to his feet, and quick as thought buried himself in the depths of the undergrowth about the crest of the mountain. Directly after he heard the sound of voices, musical laughter, and the deep tones of a man's voice, and there appeared upon the platform which he had just left a lady and a French officer, who stopped to get breath after the ascent. They had come up the mountain from the southern side, and had nearly taken the lonely man unawares. But his ears, trained to catch the slightest sound, had heard even the light step of the girl, and he now lay hidden in the bushes, resting upon one knee, gazing at them from the cover, with a face which seemed to have been suddenly transfigured. His eyes were fixed upon the girl with an expression of adoring admiration which could only proceed from perfect love. And indeed she was well worthy of it.

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of the mountain; a perfect figure, moving with
a willowy grace, peculiar to some women, and
only to a chosen few, and you have some idea
of this girl as she appeared to the eager watcher.
She was richly dressed, and was evidently of
the higher order, and had the ease and grace of
motion which only the best education and
society can bestow. She held a staff in one
hand, with which she had assisted her steps up
the slope, and, in the other hand, swung by the
strings a jaunty riding-hat, with a pure white
feather wreathed about the crown.

Her companion was a man nearly forty years
of age, also of her order, wearing the uniform
of a lieutenant-colonel of foot, one of the most
showy uniforms in the world. As handsome as
Apollo, with a dark face, flashing black eyes,
and hair of the same colour. Upon the first
glance he had a very pleasant face, but, looking
at him closer, there was something in the eyes,
and about the lips, which was not so pleasant.
He seemed to have a love of display in dress,
for his sword-hilt was of chased gold, of great
value, in which flashed a ruby of fabulous
price. His hat was looped up with a large
diamond, and he showed more gold lace and
gallion than even the uniform of his regiment
allowed. Tall and strong, with the limbs and
shoulders of a Hercules, he looked an invincible
adversary to meet in a battle.

"You have not deceived me, Colonel Lefebre,

when you said that this view was magnificent, and would repay the trouble of the ascent," said the lady, in a mellow voice, "It is surpassingly fine."

Those who have stood upon the slopes of Mont Royale, looking toward Montreal, can well indorse this encomium. The fertile plains are there yet, but the miles upon miles of waving pines, the changing scenery of verdure, are there no longer. The whole island upon which the city stood was in full view; the two branches of the river, joining again just below the city, and the frowning fortress with the sentries on the ramparts, are changed in our day. The lady stood, with rapt gaze upon the beautiful scene, while the officer evidently enjoyed her surprise and pleasure.

"I hoped that you would like it, Mademoiselle Laval," he said. "You know that I would do anything to give you pleasure."

"*Merci, mon colonel!*" she said, with a mocking courtesy. "Do not compliment me, but your own good taste, which has led you to show me this grand scenery. I wonder if the day will come when we shall see a great city where Montreal now stands. Frenchmen build great hopes upon the future of this colony, but they may come to naught."

"Never! The future of Canada is assured at least in my eyes. Year by year you will see our strength increase, until we are a vast nation including all the land which lies to the south between this and the Spanish colonies. But, had something to say to you—another object than the scenery—when I brought you to this place."

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of Canada is assured r by year you will e all we are a vast nation which lies to the south hian colonies. But, a—another object that ight you to this place.

"But I will listen to nothing else," cried Mademoiselle Lavalle. "How dare you change a subject until I give you leave?"

"But you must hear me, mademoiselle. No, not that cold name, Coralie ; I will call you by that name. You know that I love you, and that you have given me hope."

Her face began to cloud at this.

"Colonel Lefebvre, you are a man of honour, high in power and in the good-will of the Governor of this province, and you have been a friend to me. But, if you design to take advantage of my rashness in giving you this opportunity, you will find yourself mistaken in your estimate of my powers of resistance. I think it will be well for us to return."

"Not yet, I beg you," he said. "I do not wish to offend you, and my passion may have led me astray, but I love you dearly, and would give my life for your sake."

"I have a mission to perform, and, until that mission is accomplished, I will not listen to words of love from any man. I am one without a name, and until the time comes when I have a father to give me his name, to give my hand to the man who loves me, I shall never marry."

The colonel looked at her in wild amazement, as one who saw a vision. His hands clenched and unclenched themselves in a spasmodic way, and he bit his lips until the blood started.

"Destruction !" he muttered. "Will my own act recoil upon me? Can the grave give up its dead, and her father rise out of it to give

"My daughter to me? Mademoiselle," he continued, raising his voice, "you do yourself and me a great wrong: Have you any reason to know that your father lives, or who he is?"

"My heart tells me that he lives, and that I shall discover him, and regain a name which is mine by right."

"Monsieur Lavalle is an honest gentleman, and loves you like a daughter. He has given you his name, and when he dies you will receive his fortune. What more can you desire?"

"To know who and what I am! The man I can love will be a man of honour, and I cannot consent to blot the name of such a man by giving him a hand which may be linked with dishonour. Let this suffice, and say no more about it, Monsieur Colonel. I esteem you highly, but, until the purpose of my life is accomplished, I can not consent to give you any hope. You have been kind to me, have honoured me in your choice, and it is better for you to know that there is little hope."

"You pursue a hopeless chimera, Geraille. You cast aside the love of a man who adores you for a dream which may never be realized. You know nothing of your parentage, and the only man who could have spoken is now in his grave, the old soldier in whose care Lavalle found you. How then can you hope to find your parents?"

"It may be a task of years, but I shall succeed in the end."

He struck his hand angrily upon his sword-belt, and his face darkened visibly, but as she

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looked at him quickly, it cleared again, and he assumed a look of extreme humility. As they stood in this attitude, a shambling step was heard, the bushes parted, and a strange figure came out upon the crest of the mountain—an old, bent, decrepit man, whose white hair hung low upon his breast, and who walked with difficulty, leaning upon a staff. He was so bent as to be almost a hunchback, and stood, with both hands clasping the staff, looking fixedly at the pair.

"The dove and the vulture in company," he cried, in a shrill, cracked voice. "Leave him, fair lady, lest a great evil come to you."

"Who is this?" said Coralie, recoiling in surprise. "From whence did he come?"

"A madman, whom men call the Recluse of the Mountain," said the colonel. "Here, old dotard, how dare you interrupt me?"

"Silence!" shrieked the old man, striking the earth with his staff. "In the name of the past, which is a book you do not care to read, I command you to be silent."

"What do you know of the past, old wretch?" replied the colonel. "Back to your den among the rocks before a worse thing happens to you!"

"Colonel Lefebre," said Coralie, quickly, "I do not understand you. Surely you cannot mean to threaten an old man, whom you say is mad."

"He insults me, and only harsh measures will avail with him," replied Lefebre. "I beg your pardon, but I have heard that he has used my name before."

"You ask me what I know of the past?" cried the Recluse. "Shall I open the book of fate and read the past to you, Colonel Lefebvre? Shall I tell of the tragedy at Quebec, of the forged letters, of the infamy by which a nobleman was sacrificed? Do you ask me to speak of all this?"

Lefebvre turned ghastly pale, and staggered like a drunken man, his eyes dilated, and his breath coming in quick gasps through his closed lips. Coralie looked at him in astonishment, and the old man laughed in demoniac glee.

"The time is not yet, Victor Lefebvre," he said. "I have looked into the book of fate, and it says that you are to enjoy the wages of sin for a season, but not long. When the time comes, when the cup of happiness is dashed from your lips by a hand which has been dust for years, when the dead come out of their graves as witness against you, think of the Recluse of Mont Royale, and remember his words!"

He turned and seemed about to leave them, but came hobbling back, and addressed himself to Coralie.

"Men say that I am mad, lady," he said. "Perhaps I am, but there is method in my madness yet. That man knows it, for you see his small soul shrink and tremble at my words. Beware of him! Think my voice the voice of the one whom you seek, and respect my warning. This man's heart is black with many crimes, although he cloaks it under a subtle mask. When he seems to speak the truth, he lies the most foully."

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gasped Lefebvre. "Die, old villain, and croak
 your calumnies in the lowest pit."

His sword was out as he spoke, and the next
 moment was thrust straight at the heart of the
 Recluse, while Coralie uttered a shriek of
 terror. But the old man stood leaning on his
 staff, with his face unmoved and stern, looking
 at the would-be assassin, while Lefebvre stood
 appalled before him, holding in his hand the
 remains of his fine Toledo blade, shivered to
 the hilt!

"Away!" cried the Recluse. "You have
 no power to harm me, villain, and I will be an
 avenging fate, to follow you until the end shall
 come. Go!"

"If the sword has failed me, this shall not,"
 cried Lefebvre, snatching a pistol from his belt.
 "Down on your knees and beg for mercy."

Quick as thought the old man lifted his staff
 and it fell upon the arm of the colonel just
 above the elbow—a scientific blow, delivered
 with the force and address hardly to be looked
 for in one so old, and the arm of Lefebvre fell
 nerveless to his side, while the pistol dropped
 to the earth. Before he could draw another
 weapon, Coralie glided between him and the
 object of his wrath, facing the colonel boldly.

"You are showing yourself in a new light
 to me, Colonel Lefebvre. I at least thought you
 a man of honour, but no such man will assail
 one so old as this with deadly weapons. I order
 you to cease."

"Fear nothing for me, lady," said the Re-
 cluse. "It is not in this man's power to harm
 me."

"You shall see," blazed the colonel. "For the present you are safe, but a time will come when you shall know who has the power, you or I. Mademoiselle Lavallo, do you return under my escort?"

"Go with him," said the Recluse. "Watchful eyes shall be upon him at every step he takes, and he shall not offer you an injury."

CHAPTER II.

WHILE Coralie Lavallo and the colonel were returning in silence toward the place where they had landed, the Recluse was making his way slowly among the rocks which were plentifully strewn about the summit, until he reached a sheltered spot in the woods, where a sort of hillock of a broken ledge cropped out of the surrounding surface. Here he paused, and struck three times upon a stone, and waited. A moment after, a being drew himself slowly out of the rift in the hill and revealed a Herculean figure, clad in untanned deer-skin, his head uncovered, and a huge club in his right hand. The face was very dark, but not exactly the face of a negro; rather one of the northern tribes of Africa, perhaps a Moor.

"I have seen him again, Abah," said the Recluse. "The villain and myself stood face to face, and I did not kill him. I could not while he holds the secret I would know."

A furious joy gleamed in the swarthy face as Abah lifted his eyes and hands toward heaven in a solemn and impressive gesture.

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"Has Chastellar been here?" demanded the Recluse.

The Moor shook his head, and, even as he did so, a signal-whistle sounded from the woods, and the Recluse started.

"There he is now. Give the answer, Abah."

The Moor lifted his hand to his mouth and gave utterance to a strange cry, which rung wildly through the forest. The whistle was repeated near at hand, and evidently approaching.

"Go out and meet him, Abah," said the Recluse, "and bring him to me."

As he spoke he stepped into the fissure and was out of sight. The Moor, picking up his club, strode away through the forest in the direction of the approaching person, whoever it might be. After a while he sat down upon a stone and waited, giving his signal from time to time. Soon after, he was joined by a young man in a hunting-dress of green cloth, carrying, besides his sword and pistols, a short but beautifully finished rifle of polished steel, which was slung upon his back. He had a bold, manly face, strong and true, full of earnest purpose, and was a compact man, of thaws and sinews.

"Ha, old Abah," he cried. "There you are. What new mischief have you cooked up for me to perform? Where is your master?"

The Moor pointed in the direction from which he had come.

"I don't know how it will end with me," said the young man, signing to the Moor to

you is said the words and said: "I don't know."

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lead the way, "but my life has been full of desperate chances, and I will not hesitate now. Chastellar, the outlaw, is not Louis Chastellar, captain of musketeers, and he must do any work which falls to his share."

The Moor led the way in silence, and reached the tumbled mass of rocks from which he had first appeared. He entered the fissure, and the young man followed him without question. They kept on by a crooked way until the faint glimmer of a light was seen in front, and they came into a small irregular cave lighted by a lamp which hung from a wooden bar fixed into the rocks. The Recluse was seated upon a rock waiting for them.

"You have come then, Chastellar," he said in a sad tone. "I began to fear that some evil had befallen you, for I did not think Louis Chastellar the man to desert a friend as unfortunate as himself."

"You have judged me rightly, by heaven, De Lambert," said Chastellar. "Pah! How can you stay in such a hole as this, when you have the free woods outside? By our lady they did me a service when they drove me out of Montreal for a crime of which I was innocent. I never was so happy as I am now, knowing that these men fear me, and that the sound of my name will bring the garrison of Montreal to arms as quickly as the war-cry of the Iroquois. They fear me now, I warned them."

"You know to whom you are indebted for the iniquity put upon you, do you not, Louis Chastellar?"

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I trusted that man in everything. I would
have trusted him with my life—with my soul.
He seemed to me an open honourable man, to
whom a bad action would have been a thing
impossible. That was my conception of Victor
Lefebvre."

"I have seen the time when I would have
said the same, but, like you, my eyes have
been opened to his baseness only by my ruin.
Do you know that I saw him to-day—yes,
stood face to face with him for full ten
minutes?"

"And you did not strike him dead at your
feet?"

"I dared not. He holds the secret I must
know before he dies."

"Yes, yes; he cannot die yet. Oh, my
good, kind, considerate friend, when that is
known, how small your chances of life! What
do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go to Montreal upon an
errand."

"Umph; it is risky."

"You shall have a disguise which no one
can penetrate. I proved the temper of the
scoundrel's blade to-day, for he struck at my
breast, and the steel shivered in his hands."

"Ha; then Ahah has not deceived you about
the protection? I think I will try his skill
myself, for a sword point may get within my
guard one of these days in spite of my skill in
fencing. I—"

Just then a wild cry was heard, and Ahah

He dashed into the cavern holding by the waist a diminutive, weazen-faced Frenchman, whose small countenance expressed the utmost terror. They knew him in a moment as a sly, treacherous scoundrel, who did the spying of Lafefine. His name was Antoine Castor.

"Ha," cried Louis, starting to his feet. "You black-hearted dog, do you know that you have sealed your fate by spying upon me? Away with him, Abah, You know what to do."

"Oh, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" screamed the spy. "You do not, cannot mean to give me up to this black devil? Have mercy upon an innocent man."

"Innocent! By heaven, if you dare profane the name of innocence again you are no better than a dead man."

The wretch was on his knees, grovelling like a snake, and crawling to clasp the knees of the young outlaw, who regarded him sternly.

"Oh, Monsieur Louis—ah, Monsieur the Recluse, have mercy upon an unfortunate man, and save me from this black demon. I was forced to do it, Monsieur Louis—I was, indeed."

"You know me then," said Louis, knitting his brows. "Sir, do you think we dare take the great risk of allowing this man to live?"

"I am afraid not," replied the Recluse. "Since he has forced himself unbidden upon our privacy, he must bear the penalty of his presumption. Abah will attend to him."

"Wait. In the name of the Holy Virgin, wait. I can make myself useful to you if you will spare my life. I know my master's secrets and I will know more. Spare me, and I will

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in all things, work for your interests rather
than my own. Send that black man away.

Diab!e! How he grins at me."

"Stand aside for a moment, Abah," said the
Recluse, solemnly. "I think we may bind this
man to our interests so closely that he dare not
betray us. Now, Antoine, let me recall a
certain thing to your memory. Three years
ago you were in Quebec, and a man was killed
upon Point Levi on the night of June 12th, 1754.
Do you happen to know who killed him?"

"I? I know nothing of this which you
speak, monsieur."

"How very lucky for you. Fortunately I
can throw some light upon this little matter,
and I will do so. This man had been sent from
Chambly to Montreal, and from thence to
Quebec, with a paper in his possession neces-
sary to save Captain Louis Chastellier from
disgrace. It was not the cue of your master to
allow Louis to escape, and he sent a man who
killed the messenger, and the paper disappeared.
Do you wish me to tell the name of the man
who killed the messenger?"

"No, no; spare me."

"Do you know where that paper is now?"
cried Chastellier, eagerly.

"I think I could find it," stammered the
poor wretch. "I would try hard."

"You may have the opportunity. Transfer
your service from Colonel Lefebvre to me, and
you shall never have reason to repent it. I
labour for my interests as zealously as you
have always done in those of my enemy, and I

shall have no reason to complain of you! But hesitate, dare to show by a word or act that you think of rebellion, and that moment you are doomed, past all redemption. Do you promise to join me?"

"I promise. What am I to do?"

"You are to go back to Montreal, and remain in the service of the colonel. You can act for us far better there than if you remain with us outside. Your first act will be to possess yourself of the paper which will prove my innocence, and bring it to me."

"I will do it."

"And remember one thing. Watchful eyes are on you, move where you will. The least token of yielding on your part will be the signal for your destruction. If at any time you see the sign of two crossed daggers placed before you, be sure that we are displeased with you, and that danger is very near."

"I shall be careful."

"You will do well. Once before death has been very near you, when you knew it not. It will follow you close if you do not beware."

"I will be very careful."

"In the day when you are slack, look for Abah to come to you."

"I shall not give him occasion," replied the other, casting a terrified glance at the gigantic figure of Abah, as he leaned against the wall.

"Give me my instructions and let me go, and if I do not your will in all things, I shall deserve a visit from you."

"Agreed. You may go as soon as you like. Of course Lafebre sent you here."

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"Yes; he told me to follow the Recluse, and
and where he lurked, and—"

"Murder me if you got the chance."

"Ah, no, surely."

"Antoine," said the Recluse, quietly, "you
have a certain respect for me, but you are far
from fathoming me yet. Come here."

Antoine approached him in a cringing man-
ner, abject humility upon his face. The Recluse
took up two small pieces of wood, about the
size of chisel handles, which seemed to be con-
nected with a strangely shaped box at his feet.
The Recluse set his foot upon a small wheel,
and began to turn it slowly, and then more
rapidly, by means of a contrivance like a foot-
pump. Spasmodic contractions began to show
themselves in the face of Antoine, his arms
began to twitch, and short yells of surprise and
agony broke from his lips. The perspiration
started from every pore, and he danced wildly
about, utterly unable to drop the sticks.

"Oh, murder, mille diables! *Sacre bleu!*
Help; release me, if you have any manhood in
your bosom. Release me, or by the saints I
perish where I stand. Oh! ha! ha! ha!—he!
Oh!"

There was a slight movement of the foot of
the old man, and Antoine dropped the handles,
looking askance at the dangerous instrument,
of which he had no conception. The Recluse
sat with that unchanging smile upon his face.

"Do not go yet. You must see another
exhibition of my power. Abah, come here."

The Moor came forward, and brought out a
little stool elevated upon three glass legs, and

took one of the handles in his hand, and the wheel again began to turn, while Antoine looked on curiously, expecting to see the same contortions upon the part of the Moor as those which had so surprised him. But Abah made no sign except this: his long elf locks began to rise and separate, and a strange crackling sound proceeded from it. Abah dropped the handle and turned towards Antoine. "Strike him," whispered Louis, who was watching the proceedings with a keen relish. Abah raised his hand and struck the spy a slight blow upon the nose. Instantly the sparks flew from the proboscis of the terrified Frenchman, and he rolled upon the earth, uttering cries of the most wildest terror.

"That will do," said the Recluse, quietly. "He will not trouble us again soon by coming to this place. Abah, show him out." "Don't let him touch me," screamed Antoine. "The devil is in this place, I believe from my soul."

He darted out of the cave, followed more slowly by Abah, while the Recluse and Louis sat looking at each other with amazed faces.

"Yes, Louis," said the Recluse, "we have done a good work. This man dare not act against us, for his life is in danger. Fear not; we shall be sure to triumph in the end."

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL LARSEN, upon reaching the place where he had left Antoine, had sent that worthy as a spy upon the Recluse, and had then re-

hand, and the earned to Montreal, his heart full of evil passions. Coralie walked by his side in silence, and saw the same sad expression upon her beautiful face. She Moor as those had trusted in this man, had believed him a pattern of honour, and her idol had been suddenly and rudely shattered. They reached the crackling sound over, where the colonel signalled for a bateau, and the handle and while they waited he turned to Coralie:

Strike him," "You hate me now," he said, in a mournful tone; "but if you only knew how much cause that old fiend has given me to hate him you might not blame me so much."

"Nothing can excuse your murderous assault upon a man so old, Colonel Lefebre."

"He angered me beyond endurance," he muttered, savagely.

"As there is a limit to human patience, so also there is a point beyond which neither passion nor prejudice should be suffered to betray us. Enough of this; you will understand that we cannot be friends after what has happened."

"You cast me off then, upon the unsubstantiated statements and accusations of an imbecile old man?"

"You have proved that his charges are not without foundation, sir. Let us say no more, for the bateau is here."

"I must speak," he said, lowering his voice. This is not the end of my suite to you. I am not a man easily baffled, and you shall find it so."

Coralie stepped forward as the bateau swept up to the bank, and took her place in it.

"Push her off, men," he said, hoarsely. Why are you wasting time?"

The bateau swung away from the shore, and

the oars dropped together into the water. The boatmen set up a rowing song, for which the Canadian voyageurs are so famous, but the colonel stopped them fiercely.

The song immediately ceased. The boat quickly rounded the spur of the mountain which lay in their way. The party then disembarked and Coralie was assisted to her saddle, for horse stood waiting upon the bank.

"Listen to me," he said. "I beg your pardon for what I have done."

"I am not the one injured," she said.

"I repent deeply that I suffered my feeling to lead me astray. Say that I have not completely lost your esteem, and that I may visit you."

"As a friend of my reputed father you will always be welcome at my home," she answered quietly, "but not upon the same terms as before."

He sprang into the saddle, and they rode side by side into the growing city. They stopped in front of a stone building more pretentious than the rest, where Coralie dismounted.

"Am I to come in?" whispered the colonel.

"As you like, sir; but I would not advise at present," she answered, coldly.

The colonel touched his cap, with a grim smile, and rode rapidly away, and Coralie entered the house. She threw aside her hat and stepped into a room on the right of the great hall, where a white-haired man sat writing.

This was Monsieur Gabrielle Lavalle, the

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puted father of Coralie, a man of wealth and in-
fluence, and famous for charity and good deeds.
"Ah, my dear," he said, looking up. "Have
you returned so soon? I hope you enjoyed
your ride."

"The scenery is very fine from the mountain,
her," she said, "but I did not come to speak
that. Are you very busy?"

"Not so busy but that I can give you a por-
tion of my time, my dear child," he said, fondly.
"What is it you wish?"

"You promised me, a short time ago, that
you would tell me all you know of my parent-
age," she said. "I claim your promise now."

"Why do you wish it?"

"I will tell you that at some other time,
my father. At present I am eager to know all
you can tell."

"That is very little, my dear one," drawing
chair near him and asking her to sit down.
I hope you are not tired of me?"

"You have been only too kind to an unpro-
tected girl," she said, taking the seat at his side
and throwing an arm about his neck. "My
father has been law in a house where I have
hardly the claim of a servant. No father could
do more for a daughter than you have done for
me. I was not thinking of that, but the thought
that I am nameless makes me very sad."

"You are not nameless, Coralie. You have
the name of Lavalie, an honourable name and
a true one, handed down by a long line of good
men and true. I will tell you all I know. Ten
years ago, I was walking alone in the peer
natter of Quebec, in the middle of the day.

A ragged boy, seeing me passing by, ran out and called to me, and entreated me to come in and see his father, who was very sick. I went in, and found a man lying upon a rude pallet in the last stages of consumption. His skin had that transparent waxen hue so often seen in those who are the victims of that terrible disease, and his lips already bore the ashy hue of death.

"I drew a chair and sat beside his bed, and as I did so I recognized him. He was at one time colour-sergeant in a cavalry regiment in France—a wild young blade, with a good heart—a man who would do anything for a friend and who never forgot a kindness. His name was Jacques Crillon.

"Jacques," I said, "I am sorry to see you so low."

"It is nearly over, Monsieur Laval," he said, feebly. "Almost over; the old soldier of France is very near his end. I did not expect when the boy ran out to call you in, that it would prove to be the man who has been so kind to me in the times long past. I cannot talk much, but have a duty to perform. Louis!

"The boy came in, and knelt, weeping at the bedside.

"Do not weep, my boy," he said. "Remember that I have little time to spare and much to do. Bring the small brass-bound box from the chest."

"The boy sprang up and hurried into a little room which opened into the one in which the sick man lay.

"This is a good lad, monsieur," said Crillon

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said Crillon

Be kind to him when I am gone, for he is the
child of a soldier who has fought for France,
though my sins are many. "Coralie, come in."

"Then a beautiful child, yourself, dear one,
came out of the little room and stood beside the
bed. Yes, in poverty, in that poor hut, you
were beautiful, and I loved you from that hour,
for you were the living image of a little daughter
lost, many years ago.

"You see her, monsieur?" he said, "this
dear child. She is eight years old, and has
been more than a daughter to me, but she has
not a daughter's claim upon me. For the boy
has no fear, for he is old enough to take care
of himself, but who will shelter this frail flower
from the evils which are in the world?"

"I called you to me, and you elished upon
my knee, and laid your golden head against my
breast. It had been so long since a little child had
nestled there, that I felt my heart warm again,
and a hope came into my heart that you would
love me, and take the place of the child I had
lost. I stopped Crillon as he was about to
speak.

"I think I understand you, sergeant. You
wish this child to be provided for?"

"Yes, yes, that is it. Let her be taken
care of, and there is nothing more for me to
hope for or to wish."

"You say that she is not your child?"

"No."

"You do not know her father?"

"I cannot tell you that. All I know of her
is contained in this box," he said, pointing to a
small box in the hands of the boy, who had come

out of the room with it in his hands. 'Give it to the gentleman, Louis.'

"The boy laid it on my knee, but I did not open it."

"No need to look at this now, sergeant. As you say, you may die soon, and I wish to set your heart at rest. Would it satisfy you if I took this child to be my own, and reared her up as one of my class?"

"Would you do that?" he gasped.

"If you will give her to me."

"She is yours. This is more than I hoped for, and I am content to die. Louis, look at this gentleman, and remember his name: the time ever comes when you can be of use to him, and that time may come—for strange things happen in this world—do it, even laying down your life for his sake."

"I will remember, father! But is this gentleman about to take Coralie away?"

"Yes."

"He need not take that trouble. Coralie and I have arranged it already. I am to take care of her and get rich, and when we are old enough she is to be my wife."

"Hear the boy," said the sergeant, laying his hand upon the boy's dark hair. "He would do it too, if he had his will. Listen to me, Louis. It is a long and hard path by which fame and riches are gained, and in that path this tender child would see much sorrow. The gentleman will give Coralie a home at once, and a happy one, and you can work out your own future. You will not stand in her way?"

"No," replied the boy, with a sob, "but

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me if I go away."

"You sprang down from my knee and ran to
me, and held up your hands:

"No, no, Louis," you said. "I will not
forget you, and when you are rich you will come
to me, and I will be your wife."

"The boy raised you in his arms and kissed
you, and then set you upon my knee again."

"Take her, monsieur, and be kind to her,"
he said. "It is hard to give her up, but for
her sake I can bear it. I promise not to trouble
you or her until I have made a name for
myself, and when that is done I will come to you."

"And you shall be welcome, my brave
boy," I said. "But why not come with me now?
I can give you much help."

"He would not agree to that; neither would
his father allow it. They said I would do
enough if I gave you a shelter and a home.
While we talked of your future I saw that Ori-
son was nearly gone, and took his hand. The
lamp of death was on it, and he beckoned me
to bend closer."

"Keep the box," he said, "it may be of use
to the child. Take my other hand, Louis. Kiss
me, boy; your father is going home. Mother!
Wife!"

"And with the names of those whom he had
loved upon his lips, the soldier of France died.
After the funeral I missed Louis, and from that
time to this I have never seen him. He has not
come to me, but from time to time he has sent
me a messenger to say that he was doing well,
and to thank me for my care of you."

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come to me, but from time to time he has sent
me a messenger to say that he was doing well,
and to thank me for my care of you."

"I remember him as a child remembered," she said. "I was only eight years old, and he was fifteen. He is a man now, and I think a noble one. But why does he not come to us?"

"I do not know. For two years I have not heard from him in any way. God be with him wherever he may be, for he had a noble heart."

He went to a sort of safe or cabinet in the corner of the room, and revealed a number of articles of value, plate, and jewellery, and from the darkest corner he took a small brass-bound box with a key hanging to it by a string.

"You shall open it," he said, putting the key in her hand, and dropping his head upon his palm. "I have not the heart to do it."

He heard the key turning in the lock, heard the grating of the rusty hinges, and Coralie uttered an exclamation of surprise. Looking up quickly, he saw the box open before her, and she was looking wildly into it. The box was empty!

CHAPTER IV.

ANTOINE, the spy of Colonel Lefebre, did not love his master. He was bound to him by no common tie, for his secrets, which were many and bloody, were in his master's hands, while he knew enough of the past life of the colonel to work him great evil. Upon his return to the city after his encounter with the Recluse and his friends, he went at once to his master. But the colonel was in a bad humour, having just

ERER; OR,

THE RECLUSE OF MONT ROYAL

child remembers, and his first greeting of years old, and Antoine made the man angry. "Ha, you have come back then, you scout— not come to us? Why did you wait so long?" "I came as soon as I could. I tried to find a lurking place of the Recluse of Mont Royal, but could not."

"You are a natural liar, and I cannot tell you to believe you," said the colonel. "Let it be for the present. Go to Major Leslie's quarters, and tell him that a suspicious charcoal-broker, whom I believe to be a spy, is lurking on Mont Royal. Order him to send out a squad of twelve men to take the person prisoner, or dead."

"Your orders shall be obeyed, sir." Half an hour after the detail started in the direction of Mont Royal, under the lead of a grey-haired sergeant, a man who had served since well for over forty years. Antoine was with them, though he had no real wish to be viceable to his master; and was far from any sign of laying a hand upon the terrible Recluse. The guard proceeded at a brisk pace, as they crossed the plain which intervened between the city and the mountain, they were met by a young Indian, in the war dress of the warriors of the lakes—a stalwart, muscular young man, carrying a gun, knife, and hatchet.

The sergeant, having been in the country twenty years, demanded "Who are you?" "I am Gehardo the Huron, and have come to smoke a pipe with my white brothers at Montreal. I have news for the great war-chief." "febre, did not return to the Recluse and master. But having just

"Have you crossed Mont Royale?"

"Gehardo would not make a longer path because the way is rough. He came by the path."

"Did you see any one upon the mountain?"

"Yes. A spirit walks upon the mountain the ghost of a white man with white hair upon his face, which comes down to his knees. It is the spirit of the rocks and trees, and his face was under a cloud. Gehardo, who fears man, trembled in the presence of the White Spirit."

"Where did you see him?"

"He stood upon a rock leaning upon a staff. His eyes were living coals; his voice was the voice of the Great Spirit when he speaks from the clouds, and the Indians bow themselves. Let my brothers turn back," he said, persuasively, laying his hand upon the breast of the sergeant, "and let him not face the White Spirit when his anger is hot."

"We must go on," said the sergeant. "You are not too weary, I would have you go back with us and show us where you saw the White Spirit."

"Gehardo cannot go back. His face is turned toward the great wigwam of the French, and he cannot go back until his work is done. Let not my brothers be angry with Gehardo, for he does as his chief commands."

"Pass on, then," said the sergeant, "we have a duty to perform."

The Indian moved off with a rapid step, and was quickly lost to sight, and the sergeant

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order to advance. They had scarcely taken
dozen steps when Antoine uttered a cry of
horror, and, turning, they saw him holding in
his hand a small piece of silver, worked into the
hilt of two crossed swords, his eyes half
closing from his head.

"What is that?" asked the sergeant, taking
it from his hand, quickly. "Where did you
find it?"

"It was hanging on the skirt of my coat,"
said Antoine, with pale lips trembling with fear.

"Where did it come from?"

"How can I tell? It was not there when I
came out of the city."

"It looks like the jewel of a secret order, but
what of that? Why, man, you are frightened;
your lips are white as ashes, and your face is
pale. What does this mean?"

"Nothing," stammered Antoine, appalled at
receiving the signal of warning which
Reclus had promised to send, if he became
troubled in his duty. "I—I don't understand it,
sir."

"We are wasting time," said the sergeant,
"forward all."

They quickened their pace, and were soon
climbing the smooth sides of the mountain,
leading their way through the thick trees,
as Antoine had fallen behind, and as they passed
through a deep thicket, he suddenly disappeared.
They had noticed his departure and gone
on to look for him, they would have seen
him lying prostrate on the sod, with the foot of
his sword on his breast, and the Reclus standing
over him with a stern face. The footsteps of

the soldiers died away in the distance, Abah, obeying a sign from the Recluse, moved his foot from the breast of the fallen man, and suffered him to rise.

"You have broken your faith early, Antoine," said the Recluse. "What have you say for yourself to save your life?"

"I swear by the saints that I have not been faithless," pleaded Antoine. "The Colonel was dissatisfied with my report, and ordered me to accompany the guard to the mountain."

"For what purpose?"

"To take you prisoner."

"Upon what ground?"

"Upon the ground that you are a spy in the service of the English," replied the man, calmly. "I could do nothing to stop him, and he ordered me to go back to him and order him to report to you."

"I believe you," said the Recluse. "When you return to your master, take this paper and lay it on his table. Do not let him see you, but keep a watch upon him, and tell me what he does when he reads it. Make him now, and rejoin the soldiers, and have no fear of anything they can do to me."

Antoine hurried on, and found the soldiers clustered together, eagerly discussing their future course.

"Diab!es, Antoine!" cried the sergeant. "What a fright you have been in. You must not hang back in this manner, or you will be the weight of my hand."

"I hurt my foot and had to stop," replied Antoine. "I am no more frightened than

the distance, in the Recluse, breast of the fal-
se. "What have you
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You will never catch this Will-o'-the-
of whom you are in pursuit."

Fools!" cried a hollow voice close at hand.
back to your master and tell him that the
use of Mont Royale is not to be taken by
as he."

se voice seemed to come from the woods
at hand, and, shouting to his men to fol-
the sergeant sprung forward in the direc-
of the voice. They penetrated the woods
rt distance, when a burst of savage laugh-
the same voice sounded upon the spot
had just left, and all paused in utter con-
n and dismay.

What means this?" whispered the ser-
t. "It is witchcraft."

You pursue a phantom," cried the same
e from another quarter. "Dogs, minions
petty despot, fly for your lives! The
ers of Lefebvre shall never lay a hand upon
Recluse of Mont Royale!"

Let us go back, Antoine. The Indian was
and we are fighting a shadow. You
can take this strange being. It is
less, I fear," and the sergeant led
soldiers down the mountain-side, eager
as to who could be first in the city of
treal.

CHAPTER V.

ar in the city of Montreal, deep and dark.
solemn stillness rested upon it. The lights
out in nearly every house, but one burned

in the library window of Monsieur Lavallo he was there, but not alone. Lefebvre with him, seated at the other side of the table with a savage look upon his handsome face.

"Once more I ask you, Monsieur Lavallo, if I obtain your daughter's love, will you give your consent?"

"I make no promises in advance, my colonel. If Coralie should love you, far be it from me to stand in the way of her happiness. But, from what I have heard her say, I doubt if there is any hope for you."

"Have your own way, monsieur," said the colonel, sullenly. "But you must beware of one thing. Look out that her father does not come to life to dispossess you of the daughter you love."

"What do you mean? Who told you that thing, Lefebvre?"

"Never mind that now. I am not easily baffled, and I have sworn to make this lady my wife. No one shall come between us, and if he does he goes down. Look to yourself, you have made me your enemy."

"This interview had better end, colonel," said Lavallo, rising. "I am not accustomed to threats, nor will I endure them, even from you."

"I have not threatened you, sir, nor have any intention of doing so. As you desire to terminate this interview, I will leave you, with the understanding that you soon hear from me again."

Lavallo rang a bell at his elbow and a servant entered.

Monsieur Lavalley show Colonel Lefebvre out, Henri, and bear
alone. Lefebvre and that I am not at home to him at any
er side of the until further orders. You may instruct
handsome face fellow-servants in this respect. Colonel
Monsieur Lavre, good-night."

love, will you e colonel bowed low, and walked out
y. In the corridor he met Coralie, who
passing him with a quiet nod, when he
ed her by a gesture:

advance, my Excuse me, mademoiselle; I have some-
love you, far ed her by a gesture:
y of her happin Excuse me, mademoiselle; I have some-
d her say, I do to communicate."

ensieur," said Be as quick as possible, colonel, as it is
u must beware g late."

er father does I shall not detain you long. I merely
u of the daught to inform you that your father has for-
n me the house. Was this done at your
est?"

Who told you a I know nothing of it, but no doubt you
him good cause."

I am not ea Then you uphold him? That is all I
ake this lady ed to know, and I bid you good-night."

tween us, and s the door closed upon him, Lefebvre stop-
k to yourself, and looked back at the house. There was
y." thing fearful in the look with which he

er end, colonel ded it, and, if Coralie had seen him then,
not accustom must have been satisfied that he was a bad
them, even fr at heart.

Now that I have been insulted," he mut-

, "I shall have the heart to go to work.

this Recluse is a heavy burden on me.

and what is he? What does he know of

ollies and crimes of my past life? I would

ten thousand Louis' to know that he is

er the sod.

Done!" whispered a low voice. "Con-

sider him under the sod whoever he be."

Lefebre wheeled quickly, with his hand to his sword, and saw a man standing close watching him.

"Who are you?" he cried.

"A desperate man," replied the other. "You mentioned a large sum of money should be glad to earn it."

"Your name?"

"What are names to you or me? Call any name you like, but employ me. I give my word that when you spoke your thought aloud just now I was on the point of knocking you down for the sake of any valuables you might have about you. I have changed my mind, and would like to have you employ me."

"Do you know the way to Colonel Lefebre's quarters?"

"Yes."

"Have you the word?"

"I have."

"Then proceed at once to the colonel's quarters and show this ring to the guard. Tell him that you were instructed by the man who gave you this to wait in the hall until he comes. I think you are the man I want, but I can tell better when I see how you look."

The man took the ring and strode rapidly away, while the colonel stood for a moment in deep thought, and then followed the stranger slowly. The moment he was gone a dark figure stole out of the shadow of the building and

ORDERED; OR,

THE RESOLVE OF MONT DUTAIL

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and whoever he followed him with a rapid, noiseless tread, far enough behind not to be easily detected. But the colonel was a wary man, and he had not gone any steps when he became satisfied that some one was following him. He made no sign to indicate this knowledge, but kept on his course, with his hand upon the hilt of a pistol ready for action, until he met the patrol, who stopped him. Having given the word, he beckoned the sergeant in charge of the patrol to come forward.

"Or me? Call me. I give you the word," he said. "See to it is, and if he is one who cannot give an account of himself, bring him to the guard-house."

The patrol moved away, and the dark figure which had followed the colonel came to a stand, and looked quickly about him.

"*Halte la!*" cried the patrol, as he saw this situation. "Advance, and give the word."

Instead of obeying the summons, the person turned upon his heel and ran swiftly down a narrow street to the right. The patrol instantly started in pursuit, but they might as well have chased the wind. When they reached the entrance to the street the object of their suspicion was already out of sight, and they could not hear the sound of his feet.

"The devil!" muttered the sergeant. "Now, what shall we say when we report this the morning?"

"My advice is to say nothing about it, my sergeant," said one of the men. "It can only get us into trouble, and it is not our fault if we cannot catch a fellow who runs like a fox."

"That is true," said the sergeant. "Let us agree then upon one story, in case the colonel should make inquiries. The person turned out to be a citizen who knew the word, and gave good account of himself."

"Agreed."

"Forward, then, *mes enfants!*" said the sergeant, in a cheerful tone. "Let us do our duty."

The feet of the patrol had scarcely ceased to sound when the same dark figure stole out of the narrow street, and before the colonel had gone a dozen squares he was again followed and watched. But this time the spy was more careful, and the colonel did not detect him until he stopped in front of his own quarters and received the salute of the guard at the door.

"A man came half an hour ago and showed your ring, and now waits for you in the hall, *mon colonel*," said the man.

"Very well," replied the colonel. "I sent him here to await my orders. Has Antoine come in?"

"Yes, *mon colonel*."

"Has Sergeant Darnay been here to report?"

"He has, *mon colonel*, and now waits in the hall."

The colonel passed the guard and entered the hall, where he found Sergeant Darnay and Antoine conversing in eager tones, and the man he had sent in seated in one corner of the hall fast asleep.

"Follow me, sergeant," said Lefebre. "You are to come also, Antoine."

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Lefebre. "You

The two men followed him submissively to
private room, and stood awaiting his
ers. The colonel was in no hurry, for he
out a bottle of brandy, filled a bumper for
a man, and poured out a little for himself.
"Drink that off before you begin, my men,"
said, and then I will hear your report. "I
nk to you."

"And I to you, mon colonel," said the ser-
gent. "Are you ready to hear my report?"
"Have you been successful?"
"No."

"Then make your story as short as you can,
get it done."

Sergeant Darnay was not a man to waste
eds, and in as brief space as possible he told
that had happened that afternoon upon
nt Royale. Lefebre heard him in silence,
ing carelessly with his glass as he proceeded,
occasionally taking a sip from the contents.

"I am not surprised that you failed, Ser-
gent Darnay," he said, when the report was
shed. "You had no common man to deal
n, and I am far from certain that I should
e succeeded any better in person. I be-
e that you have done all that was possible
er the circumstances, and I reflect no dis-
lit upon you for your failure. You say that
had a fair shot at this strange being?"

"At twenty paces, colonel. You know
I am not likely to miss a fair mark at that
ance, and I am sure the bullet struck him
r the heart."

"Yet he plucked it from his clothing and
g it back at you?"

"He did."

"What became of him then?"

"He disappeared, faded out of sight like a vision. I am not ashamed to say, that I did not stop to look for him after that."

"Your report is accepted, sergeant, and you may return to your quarters. If I need you again I will send you word. You may go and wake Antoine, and as you pass through the hall, wake the man who is sleeping there, and bring him to the door of my room. And, look, do not dare to spy about my door after that, but retire to your room at once."

"Yes, colonel," said Antoine, humbly.

A moment after the man who had been waiting rapped at the door and was admitted at once. The colonel looked keenly at him as he entered, and pointed to a chair. The stranger took the seat indicated, and the two looked at each other in silence for full five minutes. The stranger was clothed in garments which he had once been of rich stuff, but were now faded and worn. A certain jaunty air indicated that he had once moved in the higher rank of society, but his face was that of one made prematurely aged by excess and riot. The prominent expression was of complete recklessness, as if of a person who cared nothing for his future consequences. His frame was powerful, and he was still active and strong.

"I have obeyed your orders, and I am here," he said. "What do you require of me? I have no fortune beforehand that I am so careless of, and I am desperate the adventure I am called upon to undertake."

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rtake if the success of the enterprise is
d in money to a sufficient amount."

Move your chair up the table, sir," said

colonel. "You overheard what I said

I came out of that house to-night. Could

take upon yourself to put an obnoxious

on out of the way?"

I said so. What is a man's life? I have

my own in my hand, ready to yield up for

ast ten years. I care nothing for the life

ny one, if it stands in my way. Who is

you wish to see put under the sod?"

There is a person who haunts Mont Royale,

known as the Recluse—an old man, who

ts with a staff, and has a long gray beard

hing to his waist. This creature has in-

ed me by references to events in my past

which I would keep secret, and I will give

arge sum to know that he is no more."

How much will you give for this know-

ge? Of course I know that you will not

r the amount which you named to-night,

her will I exact it. But say for yourself

at you regard this man's life as worth."

"Two thousand Louis."

"Paid down?"

"Paid when you bring me certain evidence

he is dead."

What would you regard as certain evi-

ce?"

"I must see the body or a part of it."

How much time do you give me for the

rk?"

"It must be done quickly. The longer he

the more danger I am in. He must not

be allowed to come to Montreal, or to see the lady who resides here, who is called Cora Lavallo.

"Are you particular as to the manner which he meets his death?"

"I am not. By steel, bullet, or poison, you like."

"You are a cool hand; mon colonel," said the man, quietly. "It is a pleasure to talk with you, for you come to the point at once and call things by their right names. I agree to your terms, and will endeavour to carry out your plans at once. You say that he lurks at Mont Royale: may I ask if he has a habitation of any kind there?"

"I do not know. You must lie in wait for him until he shows himself, and then do your work. What shall I call you?"

"Call me Neville. I had a name once, as proud as the proudest; but I have lost my claim to it long ago—I am nameless, homeless, friendless, the tool of any man who is willing to pay me for the strength that is in my arm. I had better keep this ring you have given me as a means of gaining access to you readily."

"Yes. Let us drink to the success of your work."

The brandy was poured out, and the man called Neville held his glass up to the light and watched the gleams in its clear depths.

"Ay, sparkle and shine, seducing liquid. This it is that led me astray; this it is which drove me out from the society of my kind, and made me a murderer and outlaw. This my

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Mont Royale."

"To the death of the Recluse of Mont
Royale," repeated Colonel Lefebre.

"Fools," cried a solemn voice. "His life is
not at the mercy of such villains as you!"

CHAPTER VI.

The glass dropped from the raised hand of
Colonel Lefebre, and was shivered to fragments
at his feet.

"A spy," he said, in a whisper, "By the
powers we will have him out, whoever he may
be."

A hollow laugh filled the room, and the
colonel sat trembling, not strong enough to
raise his hand from the table. His fear was
infectious, for Neville began to look blankly at
his employer.

"Do you recognise the voice?"

"Yes; it is the voice of the man you are to
kill, the Recluse of Mont Royale."

"Ha! you say well that this is no common
man," said Neville, springing to the window.

"I will see to this."

He flung open the blind and looked out.
As he did so a flash illuminated the darkness
outside, and he received a blow which sent him
reeling to the floor. He recovered in an in-
stant, sprang at the window, and leaped to the
earth, eight feet below. Lefebre heard him
running to and fro in eager haste, but he soon
came back, and climbed into the window with
a look of deep surprise upon his face.

"If I were not a reasonable man I should say that this was the work of the devil himself," he hissed. "I can find no trace of one about the house, and the guard says nobody has passed his post. No old one dealt such a blow as that which I received minutes ago."

"He nearly broke my arm once," said colonel. "Pick up that paper on the floor was not there before."

Neville stooped and raised the paper, cast his eyes hastily over it and laid it down before Lefebvre.

"For you," he said, quietly. Lefebvre drew the light nearer and looked at the document with wildly dilating eyes.

"Beware!" it said. "The measure of your guilt is full, and your doom is near at hand. The ghosts of your murdered victims have come and asked me why you are spared so long, and I cannot answer them. Do wrong to Coralie Laval, or to the old man who gives her a home, lest a worse thing happen you. Your new tool will find to cost what it is to deal with—THE RECLUSE MONT ROYALE."

"He is a bold fellow," said Neville, bringing his clenched hand down upon the table.

"It will be worth my while to pit myself against him, but I shall conquer in the end."

"I do not fear him," replied the colonel.

"He need not think to frighten me."

"Is there any other work for me to do as he is under the sod?"

"Plenty of work, if you can accomplish

reasonable man I should have found no trace of the guard says the old one which I received

arm once," said the paper on the floor

opened the paper, and laid it do

quietly. Lefebvre looked at the document

The measure of your life is near at hand. Consider victims here, you are spared over them. Do not to the old man a worse than death will find to

—THE RECLUSE

said Neville, bringing upon the table a glass to pit myself in the end. "I have applied the colonel to me." "I dare not."

I can accomplish

You shall roll in riches if you can do what you have promised."

"I shall do it," replied Neville. "Come to me and I will tell you my plans."

And the two sat by the table drinking and perfecting the plot which was to be the downfall of their enemies.

Meanwhile, those enemies were not idle. In the darkness three figures stole softly to the back part of the building, and the door

was opened and admitted them. The one who opened the door was Antoine, who cast

glances at the three sombre figures. They followed him through the silent house,

going with cautious steps, and he did not relax until the door of his own room was

opened. One of them let his hood drop from his face and he saw the long, white beard, pale

and gleaming eyes of the Recluse.

"So far you have been faithful, my friend," said the Recluse; "but woe to you if you break faith. Men are still over their bottle?"

"Yes."

"Do you think they will call for more?"

"In an hour's time my master will call for your wine, which is kept in yonder room."

"Do you uncork it, or does he?"

"I generally do that."

"Very good. You will take this small glass, and, without being seen, drop the contents into the bottle."

"I dare not."

"You dare not; beware!"

"Is it poison?" gasped Antoine.

"No, fool! I give you my word only put them to sleep and leave me at to search the room before I leave this. Come, do you obey or not?"

"I obey."

"You will do well. Obey me in everything your fortune is made. You are labouring on behalf of the innocent against the guilty. Is that all?"

"From my master's room. It calls for."

"Go then, but be cautious."

Antoine hurried out, and was gone in a few moments. As he expected, the Recluse had sent him for wine.

"Do you think he will be angry if you take the bottle here?"

"No."

"Then open it, and since you are so careful, I will put the narcotic in with my own hand."

Antoine went into the closet and appeared with a bottle of wine and a cork. He threw off the wire and lead and drew the cork. The Recluse emptied the contents of the vial into the bottle, shook it up well, and replaced the cork lightly.

"That will do. In twenty minutes he has taken that and will be asleep. Wait here until you return, Antoine."

The servant went out with the wine and shortly returned with a pale, scared face.

"Did they drink of the wine?" asked the Recluse, sternly.

"Yes," he said. "Oh, if it turns out to be poison!"

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murder?"
don't know—you hate this man so much,"
ured Antoine. "But, you promised to
be blameless."

He will so arrange that it will seem to be
work of robbers," said the Recluse; "you
be bound when we leave."

After an hour passed, and the three stole
to the door of the colonel's room and
d. The Recluse looked through the
e, and saw that the two men were sitting
ble with their heads resting upon it, as
p.

"All safe," he said. "Come in, all of you,
very careful."

They entered the room, and to make sure
the sleeping men did not awake too soon,
were bound and gagged, and laid upon
floor. The shutters had been closed after
he leaped out in search of the owner of
place who had interrupted them over their
ous plans. The Recluse set to work upon
cabinet which stood in the room. It was
A mass of papers were tumbled out
he table, and two of the men began to
them over, evidently searching for par-
ones. The search for a time seemed
to be unsuccessful, for nothing rewarded
earch. At last one of them took up an
hioned miniature and tossed it to the
e.

"That is something," cried the strange man,
y. "The papers must be here, for they
together."

"Does this look like it?" said the Recluse, throwing a parchment across the table. Recluse unfolded it, looked hurriedly at the contents, and uttered a low exclamation of joy and pain—found at last! "Found!" he cried, "after years of search and pain—found at last! Come away, friend, our work here is done!"

CHAPTER VII.

COLONEL LEFEBRE was found by the servant next morning lying upon his back, his head across the body of Neville, who was in a like unhappy strait. When Lefebre saw the cabinet in confusion, papers tossed about the floor, gold and jewels gleaming everywhere, he uttered a cry of dismay, and sprung to collect the scattered papers. He knew exactly which papers he should miss, and his face was as pale as ashes as he searched for them in vain.

"What have you lost?" demanded Neville.

"Something which I value dearer than my life, and which I must have at any sacrifice."

"Who do you think has it?"

"The man most likely to use it against me—the Recluse of Mont Royale."

"Ha!" said Neville. "I must get to work if I am to earn two thousand Louis' to-day. By the way, do you remember whether your wine was touched or not when your father brought it in last night?"

"I think it was," said the colonel.

"The bottle," said Neville, "was untouched for I remember that the fellow had the cork screw fixed in the top when he came in August."

"said the old man, "I can find it out, as I have a friend in St James who is a chemist, and with your permission I will take this down and get it to test it."

"after years of so "Do so; prove to me that Antoine has
Come away, friend, I have deceived false and his doom is sealed."

Antoine, who had been released some time before, was now spying at the key-hole, and he knew his danger if that liquor ever came into the hands of a chemist.

R VII.
"The bottle must never go to the chemist's,"
muttered. "At any hazard, I must stop it."

"Never mind it just now, Neville," said Lefebre, putting the bottle in the cabinet. "We have not time to waste upon such small matters as Antoine."

While they were yet in consultation, a man came up to say that an Indian wished to see the colonel. He went, and found the young Huron, whom the guard had met at the foot of Mont Royale, waiting for him.

"What do you wish with me?" demanded the colonel.

"The war-chief sent me to say that the Senegees know that our French father is about to drive them out of the Mohawk country. A white chief who is with the Huron sent this."

And from beneath his blanket the young chief drew out a paper, which he handed to the colonel. It was a dispatch from a scout who had been working in the section to the west of Picconderoga. The news was unimportant, and Lefebre tore the paper with an exclamation of disgust.

"Have you nothing more to say, Huron?"

"Yes; yesterday, as I crossed the mountain I met your young men, who were searching for the Graybeard. I told them I had seen him, and they went their way. My father, I have seen him again."

"Where?"

"In the path between the great wigwams of the white men. He came like a shadow, and spoke words of terror in the ears of Gehardo. Listen, my brother. I have seen the sky when the Great Spirit is angry. I have looked on the big water, Ontario, when the stormy wind was at play, and I did not tremble. Yet, Gehardo fears the Graybeard. He spoke and the Huron heard his voice, and trembled, and obeyed his commands."

"What were they?"

"He said: 'Go to the war-chief, Lefebvre, and give him this.'"

As he spoke he put his hand into his bosom and drew out a ring, which he placed in the hand of the colonel. Lefebvre started, and uttered a cry of agony terrible to hear. The immovable face of the Indian did not change, and he looked quietly at the colonel, evidently surprised at his emotion.

"You red villain," he screamed, "How dare you bring this to me?"

"Does my brother ask the question. Who would dare to disobey the words of the Graybeard? Gehardo has done his bidding, and now he will go."

The Indian wrapped his blanket and stalked away, unheeding

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colonel to return. Lefebvre picked up the ring and looked at it closely.

"The hand which wore this ring has been dust and ashes for fifteen years. How then has it come back to me? Must all the evils of my life come home to me now? Poor, wronged, beautiful Juliette, the man who sent you to your grave will never know a happy hour. Yet I was not all to blame. He came—he stole you from me, and I never forgot nor forgave the injury. I must go on in my work, and never falter nor turn back, even though you rise from your grave to accuse me."

He hid the ring in his bosom and went back slowly to the room in which he had left Neville. Half an hour after, the accomplice left the city and moved toward the northern end of the island, walking swiftly as one who had a duty to perform.

At the Three Lilies, the principal inn of Montreal, a gay party of young officers were sitting over their wine, and talking of the deeds they were to do when the Great Marquis perfected his plans for the destruction of the English settlements and forts in upper New York, when a young man came in and called for a pint of wine. The young officers looked up and stopped their conversation for a moment, and then went on as before.

"I was telling you about this Louis Chastellar, whom I knew in Quebec," said one, somewhat older than the rest. "I thought him one of the noblest young fellows I ever knew, and even now, with the plain proofs of his guilt, I cannot think of him as a felon."

"What was his crime?"

"He was not only a spy of the English, but he robbed the soldiers of their pay by means of false certificates and orders from the adjutant."

"Was not our colonel adjutant at the time, Erne?"

"Yes; and he thought no one in the world equal to Chastellari. He was one of the count's pets, a fellow who had fought his way up from the ranks, and reached the grade of captain by good conduct. I liked him immensely, and was cut up sorely when he went to the bad."

The young man at the table poured out a glass of wine and looked fixedly at the speaker. Some unknown emotion seemed struggling in his breast, but he kept silent.

"He was a deadly swordsmen, too," said the speaker again. "You know that I play well for some of you have tried me, but I was once an infant in his hands. A Le Sabreur himself would have had trouble to keep that deadly point off his breast; poor Louis."

"Was there no doubt of his guilt, then?"

"The count did not find it so, and he was condemned, but managed to escape that night. Since then I have never seen him, but if he is living good luck go with him, for the best of men will sometimes go astray."

At this moment the door opened, and a small, compactly-built person, with a sinister face, came swaggering in. He looked about him with a sneering smile, and sat down at the table, and was occupied by the young stranger.

"I have not fought this week, gentlemen," said, boisterously. "Here, waiter; a pint their pay by mesnary."

orders from the young men bent forward, and a sentence in the ear of the young adjutant at the door, who answered by a quiet nod, and the comer laughed boisterously.

no one in the world. That's right, lieutenant; warn him against was one of the for he needs it. I must fight some one to- had fought his wife if I can find a man who knows how to turn- reached the grade of a fiddle."

I liked him if the stranger made no reply, but quietly orely when he was ed his wine to the next table, and turned back upon the bully. He had scarcely done

table poured out when the fellow rose, and snatching the edly at the speaker from the table, drank off the contents and emed struggling with the empty vessel upon the floor. The

moment he was lying in the opposite t. man, too," said the other, with the bottoms of his shoes exposed y that I play were the public gaze. A murmur of applause was me, but I was ally heard when the stranger sat down. e Sabreur himself ing calmly at the angry bully.

keep that dead Your attention, if you please, monsieur, uis." ever your name is," said the man who his guilt, then?" been knocked down. "As a favour

it so, and he w you, I permit you to die by my sword. escape that night will, therefore, rise and receive your him, but if he sh."

n, for the best A moment, sir," said the young man, n, for the best tly. "This young officer has kindly

ened, and a small tioned that you are called Le Sabreur, and a sinister face the famous, or rather infamous, duelist of oked about his name. I have no one here who can give sat down at the help if I am imposed upon."

stranger. If you will beg my pardon on your knees,

"I will not let you escape. Come: to the door, guard, and quickly."

The stranger rose, and threw off his coat, revealing in his powerful musculature long arms, the model of a swordsman. He did not seem in the least discomposed, and took his position as carelessly as if about to play with the buttons on the foils.

"I will stand by you, if you will permit, monsieur," said the officer, who had spoken, Louis Chastellar. "You need a friend."

"He needs enough to carry out his avenger's body," said Le Sabreur, fiercely. "Am I not ready?"

"Ready!"

The steel blades crossed with a sharp report, and the stranger, with no motion of any kind on his person, except his waist and forearm, parried the terrible blade of Le Sabreur with the greatest ease. The duelist began to look doubtful soon after he gave the stranger an opportunity, which he only took advantage of by touching the duelist lightly over the heart.

"I had you there, monsieur. Pah! you do well to drop this. I do not wish for your life."

"You must take it or lose your own," said Le Sabreur, fiercely.

"You are tempting your own fate," said the stranger, changing his tactics and beginning an assault in his turn. For a single moment the blades intertwined, and then the stranger took a backward step and bore hard upon his opponent. The sword of Le Sabreur was torn from his grasp, and struck the floor with a dull clatter.

escape. Come: it was done so suddenly that only one man saw the work was done, and that was Erne. "I know the trick," he muttered. "Only a powerful muscular man could do it."

The stranger stooped and picked up the sword of the Sabreur and handed it to him, holding it by the blade. The villain seized it, and thrust it into the unprotected bosom of his antagonist so deeply, that nothing but his own wonderful swiftness and lightness saved him. He held his sword by the hilt with the point down, but, by a dexterous swing of his body, he allowed the blade to pass under his arm and the next moment the Sabreur lay senseless on the floor.

"Pick the man up, some one," he said. "I have no more to do with him."

None of the officers would help the cowardly Sabreur, but, at an order from the landlord, three officers lifted the senseless form and carried it into another room.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, "you have my sincere thanks for giving your support to an unknown man, who has not the pleasure of personal acquaintance with any of you. At another time I shall take delight in knowing you, gentlemen."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Can you give me a bed here? I am fatigued by a long journey, and desire rest."

The landlord obsequiously led the way, and he looked after the stranger with a long-drawn breath.

"How dare he come here?" he muttered. "Heaven, it is death to him if he falls alive into the hands of Lefebvre."

"What is the matter with you, Erne?" one of his companions, gaily. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

Erne laughed it off, but was evidently ill at ease. They were still talking over the matter when Le Sabreur came slowly from the room. His face was drawn with pain, and blood was still oozing slowly from a cut in his eye.

"You have not seen the last of me, gentlemen. I shall have the pleasure of seeing a fine swordsman shot before a week is out, I know him, Lieutenant Erne Celestin."

Without another word he walked quickly out of the room. Erne Celestin watched the confident duelist until he was certain that he was making his way toward the colonel's quarters; then he turned quickly on his heel and went back to the Three Lilies. He did not enter at the front, not caring to meet his companions, but passing through an alleyway, came into the house by the back way, and found one of the scullions busy at work in the small room to the right of the kitchen.

"Please take this card, and find the room of the gentleman who fought just now with Captain Le Sabreur."

The boy hurried into the house, and came back directly, saying—"The gentleman will see you."

"Take me up by the back staircase," whispered Erne. "I do not wish to be seen."

The boy nodded, and led the way by the dirty staircase, used only by the servants,

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upper part of the house, and stopped at a

"This is the room, monsieur."

Erne took out a Louis and placed it in the
s hand. "Keep silent about this and I
remember it in the time to come. You can

He opened the door without ceremony, and
stranger rose to meet him.

"You cannot hide yourself from me after I
e seen your sword-play, Louis Chastellar,"

Erne, holding out his hand. "Have you
greeting for an old friend?"

Chastellar, for it was indeed he, grasped the
ended hand warmly.

"One thing which made the enforced exile
m enduring more terrible, was the parting
n you, Erne. I am glad to be able to press
ur hand again."

"You are in danger here," said Celestin.
The man you fought knows or suspects who
a are, and has gone to Lefebvre's quarters.
u must escape, and at once."

"I have met dangers before," said Chas-
ler, beginning to buckle on his sword-belt.
Hark!"

The clatter of armed feet was heard upon
e floor below.

"Away, for your life!" cried Celestin. "I
ll show you the way. The guard is here
eady."

They darted through the narrow passages
at taking the precaution to lock the door.

"Go back now, Erne," whispered Chas-
lar; "you can serve me better by delaying

GRAYBEARD, THE SORCERER; OR,
them all you can. Do not hesitate, for I
the way."

He sprang down the narrow staircase,
Erne hurried back. Just as he came into
salle à manger he heard the clatter of sword
the rear of the building. Chastellar had
enemies there!

CHAPTER VIII.

CORALIE was in the library at Laval's house
trying to fix her attention upon a book.
then a tumult arose and alarm bells rung;
heard the rush of hurried feet, and a man
panting for breath, and bleeding from several
wounds, came staggering by. Seeing him
the open window he sprang forward at once
"Lady," he gasped, "in the name of
common humanity, I ask you to give
shelter."

"Come in," she whispered.

He entered the window slowly, and she closed
it behind him. It was not done a moment
soon, for they heard the rattling of arms, and
patrol passed quickly, meeting another patrol
just below the house. They carried torches
and the foremost of the first party addressed
the last.

"Have you seen him?"

"No," but he cannot escape, for Lefebvre
has set a cordon about him. Every street is
guarded close."

"Then he is either in the Rue Paris or
Montcalm. Take the Rue Paris; we will take
the other."

not hesitate, for I parted separated, and Coralie, who had
narrow staircase, watching them, turned to the man she
as he came into the room. As he saw her face by the light
the clatter of sword at his feet, he uttered a low cry of surprise.
Chastellar had just said, "Oh, have I seen
ast?"

was wounded slightly in several places,
there was something in his noble counte-
which struck her forcibly.

"What is your name, sir?"

"I am Louis Chastellar," he replied. "I am fol-
lowed by the hounds of Lefebvre, and have only
left with my life. But, perhaps Lefebvre is
my friend?"

"He is not; he is my enemy."

"I am glad of that. It would grieve me to
know that one who can be so kind to the unfor-
tunate should have such a friend. What am I
to you to give

They will miss me, and return, I

will go to my father, and tell him what
has happened."

"Go to your father and ask him to
send me, and let him come alone."

He left the room, and shortly after Laval-
le and grasped the hand of the fugitive

"You have nothing to fear, captain," he said.
"You will be safe until we can find means

to get you out of the city, into which you
will never have come."

"You know me then, Monsieur Laval-
le?"

"I do; and I know you to be a deeply
suffering man, but one who cannot at present

lose his innocence. I heard something of

VIII.

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this affair half an hour ago. How did you escape?"

"You know that Erne Celestin came to me?"

"Yes. He is a gallant young man, and not easily forget old friendship."

"After he left me I ran down the stairs and was encountered by a party of four coming up. There was no time to retreat, so I fought at them, and managed to break through. I did not until I got these other hurts you see. In the meantime the alarm had been given; I guarded all the avenues of escape, and I trapped myself in a net. By good fortune I saw my daughter at a window, appealed to her for help, and she gave it."

"You might be sure of that, captain, if you knew her as well as I do. Hark! they are gathering again. I must send you away before they may attempt to search the house."

He went to the door and called Corral. "Show Captain Chastellar the room nearest yours, my dear. I do not like to trust any of the servants, for they might babble."

They hurried out, and he took his seat at the table and affected to write. Five minutes after came a thundering rap at the door, and a man rose, threw open the blind, and looked out. Foremost among the soldiers stood Lefebvre, the duellist who had been worsted in the encounter with Chastellar.

"Come this way, gentlemen, if you have anything to say to me. My servants have been here long ago."

Lefebvre left the steps and came to the window. He looked at the captain with a scornful

SORCERER; OR,

THE RECLUSE OF MONT ROYALE.

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We are in pursuit of a ruffian called Chaar, who is doomed to death for a crime committed three years ago, and we wish to enter search the house."

"By what right do you make such a demand?" said the old man, turning to whisper Coralie, who had just entered the room, and it again to obey that low order.

"By my right as commandant of this post, I command you to open your door and admit me."

"Your order shall be obeyed, Monsieur le Colonel," said Lavalle. "Any insult you may upon me must be put up with, I suppose. and Captain Le Sabreur will be sufficient to search the house, unless you are afraid of this concealed man," said Lavalle, sneeringly. "Post your men at the doors and windows, for he may escape to escape."

They searched everywhere fruitlessly, until every nook and cranny in the casement and floor had been gone over. They then passed the staircase and searched the bedrooms on the upper floor, until they had entered all except that of Coralie.

"This is my daughter's room," said Lavalle. "Of course it is useless for me to ask you to leave it on that account. Coralie?"

Coralie appeared at the door of her room, looked with astonishment at the two men, who shrunk before the flashing glance of her bright eyes.

"What do you seek here, Colonel Lefebvre? The last insult was hardly necessary to make despise you more."

"They wish to search your room, Coralie. Colonel Lefebre has so little confidence in you that he imagines you have a gentleman secreted there. Let them enter, if you please."

"Certainly. Colonel Lefebre, until this hour I have given you credit which you did not deserve."

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle Coralie, for what I have been forced to do. *Bon-soir!*"

He went down hastily, followed by Captain Le Sabreur, while Coralie and her father followed to the head of the stairway and looked after them until they heard them withdraw the soldiers and march away. Coralie ran down and locked the doors, pushed the lighted bedstead aside and touched upon a part of the panelling behind the bed. A slight clicking sound was heard, a trap fell down, and Louis Chastellar stepped out.

"We have managed to get rid of them," said Lavalle. "I am glad that he did not make a very close search, for I am far from certain he would not have discovered the door."

"For what was this constructed?"

"A hiding-place for plate and other valuables in case of war," replied Lavalle. "Come into your room again."

"I have much to thank you for, sir, and also your noble daughter," said Chastellar. "I am poor and helpless enough now, but the time may come when even such as I may be of use to you. Oh, that I could get safely out of this city! I have work to do, and I must see the Recluse of Mont Royale."

"Why do you wish to see him?"

RECLUSE; OR,

THE RECLUSE OF MONT ROYALE

63

your room, Coralie
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gentleman secret
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Lefebre, until this hour
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That I cannot do you at present, but see
I must, at any hazard."

You will not be able to get out of the city,"
the other gravely. "Lefebre will set a

trap upon every outlet, until he is fully satis-
that you have escaped. I think you must

be quiet for a few days."
It cannot be done. Is there no one by

whom you can send a message to-morrow?"
To what place?"

To Mont Royale."
At this moment Coralie entered the room.

I will go myself if you really wish it, cap-
said Lavalley. "But, I am somewhat

suspected myself, and I fear the result may be
But, as I have no other messenger—

You have one," said Coralie.
Whom can we trust, my daughter?"

"I!" cried Coralie. "I will take the mes-
to Mont Royale and give it to the Recluse.

One will stop me."

CHAPTER IX.

THE RECLUSE had made his way out of the city, as
he had said, taking the direction to the west,
did not pause until he reached the slope in
rear of Mont Royale, and buried himself
in the forest. Here he stopped and sat down
to think.

They say that he is an old man," he mut-
tered. "Surely he cannot give me much trouble.
I care nothing for legerdemain and clap-
net. And then, two thousand Louis! What

is a human life to that, to a man like me believes that death is annihilation?"

He looked furtively about him, for thought he heard a footstep stir the leaves. He darted behind a tree and waited, and saw the man who appeared in the chapter of this work walking rapidly up slope.

"Not the man I wish to see," muttered assassin, "but, perhaps he can give me information. I think I will risk it."

Stepping back out of sight, he made a circuit through the bushes and came out in front of the corner, meeting him face to face.

"A fair day to you, monsieur," said quietly. "Are you bound to Montreal?"

"Suppose that I am; what then?" said stranger, looking at him fixedly, with a sudden look of recognition in his face. "Can I do anything for you there?"

"No; it was merely a passing question. There is a man who lives somewhere in the forest whom I very much wish to see, and I thought if you were not a stranger here you might be able to tell me."

"What is the man whom you seek?" said the other.

"The Recluse of Mont Royale."

"Few men desire to see him for a second time, especially if they are enemies of his."

"I am not his enemy; why do you say so?"

"I know nothing about that. If you wish to see him, you must come at eleven to-morrow to the great boulder whose top you can

SORCERER; OR,

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THE RECLUSE OF MONT ROYALE

55

gh the tree-tops. I shall see him to-night
tell him your wish. And now good even-

he strode away, and his form was lost among
trees. Neville looked doubtfully after him.
I am afraid I have done wrong," he said.
I suppose the two come in company, I shall
my hands full. But, let me once earth
ox, and trust me for the rest."

aying this he again sought the depth of the
s, and, scraping together a heap of leaves
ness, he lay down and slept as peacefully
he had never dreamed of guilt or the
ling of blood.

At an early hour next day Coralie Laval
climbing the sides of Mont Royale, toward
spot where she had been sent to meet the
use. After a difficult walk she reached
summit, and paused for breath before she
needed further. When she had rested, she
reached a bowlder which lay half buried in
earth, and, taking away a few loose stones,
lay near the base, she produced a conch-
upon which she sounded, three times, in
usual manner, and then sat down to wait.
minutes after, without any warning of his
reach, the Recluse stood beside her, looking
er mildly

"You here?" he said. "Who taught you
signal which calls me from my resting-
?"

"Captain Louis Chastellar," replied Coralie.
I will tell you how it happened."

and she recounted the events of the past
t, and the danger which Louis had escaped.

She then took a paper from her bosom gave it to him. He read it carefully twice then tore it into fragments and scattered to the winds.

"You have only to say to Louis that it be done; he may depend upon me. He understand what I mean when I say 'Rue N Dame; twelve o'clock—to-night.' Can remember the message?"

"Yes."

"And now, a word for yourself, my child. I have seen you in the company of that specious villain, Colonel Lefebre. I have warned against him before, and I repeat my warning now. Avoid him as you would avoid a pestilence."

"Colonel Lefebre and I are no long friends," she said; "on the contrary, we are now open enemies. He would do anything to destroy you."

"I have no fear of him, my child. It is written in the book of fate that he is to conquer one thing more; I know the mission you have set out to perform, and in the end you will succeed. I say to you—hope. The dark hour is just before the dawn of day. What that? I could almost have sworn I heard a step. Abah!"

The Moor, who had been standing unserved behind a bowlder, showed himself in a moment.

"Keep good watch, Abah, for I thought I heard a sound just now."

The Moor disappeared immediately, nothing more was heard. The Recluse

SORCERER; OH,

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THE RECLUSE OF MONT ROYALE.

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in his bosom a packet of small size, which
placed in Coralie's hand.

"Enclosed is something which you will be
d to have. As a favour to me you must ask
questions, but keep the packet and read the
iting upon the inside of the paper when you
ch home. In the hour of your greatest trial,
hen nothing else can save you, come or send
me here, and give the signal, and if I live
u shall have help. Farewell, and do not
get my message to Louis: Rue Notre Dame;
elve o'clock—to-night."

The next moment he was gone, and hiding
e packet in her bosom, she began the descent
the mountain. Half-way down she paused,
d looked back, and saw the Recluse standing
one beneath the great boulder looking at her.
he silent majesty of his figure, as he stood
esting upon his staff, was not without its effect
oon her, and as she gazed she saw something
hich filled her with horror. A man had crept
the top of the boulder, directly above the head
the Recluse, and she saw him stoop and raise
great stone above his head. At that distance
was impossible for her to make her voice
ach the Recluse, but she cried out and waved
er hand, but he made no sign to indicate that
e noticed the gesture. Just then the stone
ame crashing down upon the head of the
ecluse, and the figure staggered, and fell to
e depths of the ravine through the tree-top,
hundred feet below.

The terrible tragedy was scarcely enacted,
hen another as fearful took place. Coralie
aw the dark form of Abah spring upon the

rock and seize Neville—for it was that villain who had done the deed—in the grasp of strong arms. A terrible struggle now took place—one which she remembered to her day. The two, unable to retain their footing upon the boulder, slipped down to the platform below, locked in a death-grapple. Although not so strong as his antagonist, Neville was an iron-limbed man, and was fighting for his life. Coralie covered her face with her hands, shut out the horrible sight. She knew that Neville deserved any death; but something told her that he was only an instrument in the hands of another for the commission of a crime. She looked again, and saw that Abah had replaced the knife in his belt, and was engaged in binding the fallen man hand and foot. He then threw the body across his shoulder like a sack, and stepping lightly upon the rocks, soon disappeared.

He was gone but a few moments, when Coralie saw him making his way down the rocks toward her, and she ran to meet him.

"Why do you not go to find your master? Will you let him lie there, a prey to the wolves? Go, I say, and find him, for he may be living yet."

Abah silently pointed toward the distant city. "Do you mean that I must go?" she said.

He nodded slowly, and still pointed.

"Your master gave me a message. Am I to tell Louis what has happened?"

Again he shook his head.

"Your master cannot come to him."

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ah pointed to his own breast, and taking
by the shoulder, with an angry gesture
indicated, by that same motion, that she
go, and at once. What could this mean
e who had shown complete subjection to
will of his master, and a species of savage
for him?

he found the servant with the horses, and
away at her best speed. As she ap-
ched her father's house, she was conscious
a strong guard was posted in front of the
under the leadership of Captain Le Sab-
who bowed low as she passed in, without
ing a word. She hurried in, and, as she
ed through the hall, the door of the library
ed, and Colonel Lefebre came out, fol-
ed by three soldiers having Chastellar in
body.

You see that we were not mistaken after
said Lefebre, with an ironical composure.
ou will know what it is to attempt to
sure swords with me."

You see this man," said the prisoner, "this
who claimed to be my friend, and who
gives me up to death. Do not waste sym-
y upon me, mademoiselle. I feel that
even is too good to let me suffer for the
ne of another."

"A word with you, Colonel Lefebre, before
take this gentleman to prison," said Cor-

"Will you step into this room?"

"See to him, guards," said the colonel.
If he attempts to escape, do your duty, and
p him, dead or alive. Now, mademoiselle,
n at your service."

He followed her into an empty room, closed the door.

"I wish you to set this brave young free," she said.

"I cannot do it," he said, sullenly.

"Then take him if you will, but as you will be under arrest in three days upon a charge of sending a man to the old man known as the Recluse of Royale."

He turned for a moment ghastly, nervously tapping the hilt of his sword, looking upon the ground. The bold accusation had taken him completely by surprise. Much or how little she knew he could not nor would she confess it.

"Do you tell me that this old wretch is dead?" he said at last.

"Your villainous accomplice performed his deed but too well," she said. "But he is in a condition to witness against you, and will do it to save his life."

"I am glad that this gray-haired villain is dead," said Lefebre; "but, you accuse me wrongfully. I am not guilty of this crime."

"False! Move to the marquis that you are not, against the witnesses whom I shall bring."

"I will account for it, if I let you go to prison."

"Your fertile brain can surely conceive a way. You and yourself mistaken in the matter or something of that kind. Choose your way."

He left the room and called Le Sabre apart and conversed with him in low tones.

moments. Le Sabreur appeared excited, in the end, his scruples were quelled, and nothing passed from hand to hand. "You understand me, then?" whispered the colonel. "Oh yes; we shall find a way to deal with when your other work is done." They entered the house together, and apprehended the prisoner. "Captain," said Lefebre, "as you seem to have some doubt as to the identity of this prisoner, look at him well. Is he the one who insulted you at the Three Lillies?" The Sabreur looked at him keenly, and returned a negative answer. "Then we have been mistaken," said Lefebre, coolly. "Young sir, I beg your pardon for disturbing you, and you are at liberty. Again, withdraw your men, and take them to the barracks." Chastellar was surprised at the turn affairs had taken, but was not inclined to quarrel with good luck.

CHAPTER X.

After eleven that night when Chastellar, disguised by the use of a long cloak and wide-brimmed hat, stole out of Lavalle's house by the rear entrance, and made his way through the silent streets. After a half hour's rapid walk he reached a secluded part of the street of the Dancé, and stopped before a small house which was wrapped in complete darkness. Standing anxiously about him, in order to

satisfy himself that he was not watched, approached the door and tapped softly in a peculiar manner. The door was at once opened for him, and closed noiselessly. He found himself in a small dark hall. Another door opened and a voice said:

"I was afraid you would not come, I doubt you have been in trouble since I saw you last."

"I have been," said Louis. "That foul villain, Le Sabreur, recognized me, and set his hounds upon me, and I escaped by the aid of Coralie Laval. Ah, *she* is not changed, if you are."

"The same noble girl as ever. Did she expect you?"

"Not at all. I have been strangely tempted to tell her, but for your sake I did not do so."

"The time is very near now," said the stranger. "Montcalm will be in the city in two days, and the proofs are already in his hands. Doubt not that he will do us justice, though a stern soldier, he knows how to be just."

"I must tell you that Lefebvre caught this afternoon, but Coralie prevailed upon him—how I do not know—to make Le Sabreur deny that he knew me."

"The girl is shrewd," said the other, quietly. "She has her mother's face, a perfect copy. I cannot rest until all is accomplished. What say you, Abah?"

The Moor pointed silently to the window, blind, and the stranger sprung forward and threw it suddenly open—so suddenly and

was not watched and tapped softly. The door was at once opened. He found it unlocked. Another door

could not come, I was in trouble since I

ouis." "That found me, and set me free. Escaped by the air, is not changed,

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a man whose face was pressed closely at the panes outside had no time to with- and they saw that it was Le Sabreur! Next moment he vanished in the dark-

A thousand curses light upon his spying Louis. He has tracked you to the house, you are in danger. Away, both of you, to the place you know, for it will not be long before we will return."

A few minutes had hardly passed, when a party of soldiers surrounded the house, and both Le Sabreur and the colonel were with them. Their knock at the door was unanswered, and, after some time, it was broken in, and the guard poured into the little hall.

"You are sure you have marked the house, colonel?" said Lefebre.

"There is no mistake, colonel; I earthed the man here."

"Where is Neville?"

"Here," said that worthy, coming forward. He walked feebly, and seemed to be in pain; indeed, he had not yet recovered from his interview with Abah.

"Would you know this man who told you to meet the Recluse if you saw him again?"

"Yes."

"Describe the person you saw, Le Sabreur."

The captain did so, and a sort of shudder passed through the frame of the colonel.

"If the dead could rise from their graves, I could say I knew him too," murmured the colonel. "Have you lighted that torch yet?"

Darnay? You tremble as if you feared to the sprite who calls himself the Recluse of Mont Royale."

"He has good reason to fear it," said the same voice which they knew so well, and which had terrified Neville and Lefebre on the night when they plotted the death of the Recluse. "The dead do come out of their graves to found such villains. Murderers, beware!"

The half-lighted torch dropped from the sergeant's hand, and was extinguished on the floor, and the stoutest held their breath.

"Demons or spirits, whatever you may come out and face me. I defy you and your arts. Give me a torch!" cried Lefebre.

One of the men at the door brought a torch, and Lefebre led the way, a naked sword in his right hand. Only Neville stood trembling on the spot.

"Fool!" hissed Lefebre in his ear. "I tell you that these men we seek saw you in the deed. You are doomed if they escape."

"That old man's face will never leave me," whispered Neville. "I see it every morning and hear his hollow voice. It was he who spoke just now."

"Open that door, Darnay," cried Lefebre, "and see where it leads to."

The sergeant threw open the small door before mentioned, and looked down.

"It seems to be a cellar-way," he said, "and is going back."

"We have trapped them, then," said Lefebre. "Come forward with your bayonets and support us."

as if you feared to
himself the Recluse

to fear it," said

new so well, and

Lefebvre on the

death of the Recluse

of their graves to

murderers, beware!

ch dropped from

as extinguished

t held their breath

whatever you may

I defy you and

ch!" cried Lefebvre

door brought a

a naked sword in

stood trembling

bre in his ear.

we seek saw you

d if they escape.

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se it every mor-

ne. It was he

ay," cried Lefebvre

open the small

ed down,

way," he said,

m, then," said

with your bay-

whole party crowded into the cellar-
ville, Lefebvre, and the captain in ad-
while the soldiers followed with levelled
ets. They were all upon the frail stair-
when it suddenly gave way, and the party
a confused heap to the bottom of the

ey heard the sound of a closing door, and
shot into their sockets.

We are trapped," cried the colonel. "By
devils in hell, those who have done this
early rue it. Open the door there; let
of this, or suffer the consequences."

mocking laugh was the only reply, and
und of hammer and nails succeeded.

What shall we do?" said Lefebvre, in a
of blank dismay.

here is nothing for us but to take our im-
ment as coolly as we can, and wait for
ing," replied the sergeant.

Ten thousand devils! In the meantime,
will escape."

Doubtless; we are dealing with some very
ng persons, mon colonel. I doubt they
rove too much for us in the end."

This is the work of the devil," blazed the
el. "Death to those who have done it

I once get out of this trap."

Man of blood," cried the voice which they
heard before, "out of the earth in which

victims lie they cry aloud for vengeance.
re is Louise Vernay, where is her husband,

man whom you betrayed?"

It is false! Man or spirit, whoever you
be, I defy you! I loved Louise Vernay

before ever he saw her; she was to have my wife, but he came between us."

"Liar! She chose for herself and disguised him by the gift of her love. That hour you worked in secret, until you drove him to his death. Then, when you robbed her of all she held dear, you followed her still, until she gave up the struggle and died. Where is the Recluse of Mont Royale your last victim?"

"I—I know nothing of him."

"Ask the trembling coward by your side that is true. Walter Neville, stand forth and answer: Did you kill the old man upon the slope of Mont Royale?"

"No, no!" screamed the guilty wretch.

"It was not my fault. He fell into the chasm by accident."

"False! your hand laid him low, and you were hired to do the deed by that supple villain by your side. Behold your victim!"

A sort of door opened above them, and the Recluse of Mont Royale, leaning upon a staff, stood in a blaze of light, was the figure that they saw. Then the vision faded, and Neville lay down upon his face upon the cold earth, senseless as the clay on which he rested.

CHAPTER XI.

CORALIE had opened the packet given her by the Recluse, and found that it contained a miniature, which she looked at long and intently. A beautiful face, the face of a woman in the bloom of her youth and beauty, bearing a wonderful resemblance to Coralie.

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XI.
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he kissed the miniature, and took up the
which had enfolded it. If her mother
lead after all? The first words she read
rmed her fears:

Your mother, an angel on earth, is an angel
aven now. Bow down to her as to a saint,
he suffered much. I who tell you this
much to do before I can tell you all. I
say, wait, and hope. THE RECLUSE."
he bowed her head upon the table and
into tears. Half her mission was accom-
ed, for she had sought her mother, and
d only a grave.

Louis had asked her not to retire before his
n. He came back about two o'clock, and
red the house by means of a pass-key.
I have only a moment to pass with you,"
aid; "but I could not go away until I had
you again. Lefebvre is upon my track; I
managed to escape by the aid of two con-
t friends. If I can keep clear of him for
days all will be well, but I dare not stay
"

"It is better that you should go," she said,
y; "and, though we part from you sadly,
ust be borne. Why is it that I seem to
w you so well, and why is your face as that
he I knew long ago?"

He averted his face for a moment.
You have a good reason for it," he said.
cannot tell you now, because my name and
must be cleared in the eyes of all men as
as in yours, before I declare myself. But
does not alter the fact that I love you, and
one hope is to make myself worthy of you."

He pressed his lips to hers and was gone, and she retired to her room.

Next day she ordered her horse and rode out, and, as she passed the southern barrier of the city, she met a party of scouts coming, who had a prisoner among them—the Indian Gehardo—with his hands bound behind his back and a gash upon his forehead from the cut of a sword. She knew the sergeant in command, Darnay, and asked him whom they had taken prisoner.

"A spy, mademoiselle," said the man, touching his cap.

"How do you know him to be a spy?"

"Because he has a white skin under his paint," replied the man, "and uses his fists like no Indian ever used them yet. Behold him!"

The man parted the calico upon the arm of the prisoner, and revealed a skin as white as a woman's. At this moment the prisoner raised his head and looked intently at Coralie; she recoiled in her saddle, for the eyes which looked at her were those of Louis Chastellard.

They marched on toward the barracks, and Coralie, after riding a short distance, turned back after them, sick at heart. Louis took no notice of her, after all he had undergone, captured on the eve of his triumph!

A few paces further on she was met by a soldier, who halted and addressed her.

"I am ordered by Colonel Lefebvre to send you safely to your own house," he said.

"I do not need your escort, and so you may tell the colonel," she answered.

The man made no reply, but fell into the

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keeping her in sight until she reached
house, and she was not surprised to find
re there.

I am forced to bring you unwelcome in-
ference, mademoiselle. A deep-laid scheme
foot in the interest of the English to
y Montreal, and your father and yourself
implicated. You must consider yourself
r arrest, and retire to your room. A guard
be placed at your door, but otherwise you
be put to no inconvenience."

he looked at him scornfully, for she saw in
only another plot to annoy her.

Are you aware that the gentleman whom
arrested in this house has again been
n, and is now on his way to prison, sir ? "

I am glad to hear it. Having foolishly set
free once, it is hardly to be expected that
ould do so a second time."

Yet I demand his liberty ? "

And your demand is refused. Your absurd
ge against me is without foundation, and if
his Chastellar is taken, he dies before two
are passed."

She went to her room, and a guard was
ted at the door.

"So, so ; she is safe," muttered Lefebre.
eville must now do his part."

Walter Neville had not yet quite recovered
m the terrible fright of the night before, and
eared before the colonel pale and haggard.
e party had remained cooped up in the cellar
the house into which they had forced them-
ves until morning gave them light sufficient
break their way out, which they did with in-

finite difficulty. Of course they found birds flown, but Lefebre sent special guards outside the different barriers, with orders to arrest any suspicious persons who might fall into the hands of his enemies.

"Why do you come to me with such a story, Neville?" said the colonel, furiously.

"Must I find wit and courage for all my men?"

"No, no," said Neville. "Give me word. I must keep busy, or that horrible vision will not keep out of my head. What must I do now?"

Lefebre whispered in his ear, and then nodded slowly.

"It shall be done," he said. "Anything I can do, I will do."

In an hour Louis Chastellar was in a strong room of the Citadel prison, heavily ironed and with little hope of escape. Colonel Lefebre had seen him, however, and knew his position. She had saved him before—would she be able to do it now?

That question was soon answered, for the heavy door swung open, and Lefebre was admitted alone. At a signal the only outlet was closed and locked behind him, and he stood looking with a fierce glance at the unfortunate young prisoner, who returned his look by one of haughty defiance.

"This is your work, Lefebre," he said. "You might have known you would not keep your word to me."

"You know what to expect, it seems," said Lefebre. "You cannot hope for mercy now."

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do not expect it," was the quiet reply.
may kill me, but from my ashes shall
phoenix which shall make you tremble!
friend, false lover, false to every good and
thing, your triumph will be a short one.
do not dream what a thunderbolt is hang-
er your head."

I care not," replied Lefebvre. "So that I
my revenge, let what will come. As for
o-morrow you shall die."
What; without trial?"

I hold a standing order from the marquis
ecute you whenever you may be found.
at were not enough, you were taken as a
urking in the city, and I might make you
e death of a spy if I chose. I prefer to
you shot."

Thank you. It is the first favour you have
n me, and I shall at least die a soldier's
not the death of a dog. Why do you
here? I have had enough of you."

I know what you hoped to do, Louis Chas-
but your hope is in vain. You depend
the Recluse to crush me after you are

He is dead and rotting, and I have
ng to fear from him."

Dead! When did he die?"

Yesterday morning."

A strange look passed over the face of the
ner.

Yes, and his spirit appeared to you last
Fear him yet, villain, for his ghost has
power to harm you than any other being
treads this earth alive. Go!"

I am going. But, let me tell you one

thing, Louis. The woman you love, who have watched in secret for ten years, grew up from childhood to womanhood, my power, and nothing earthly shall part her being my wife."

The door clanged behind him, and was alone in his prison, waiting for his. A few hours passed, and the door opened to admit a Jesuit priest, who extended hands in benediction over the head of prisoner.

"My sins are many, father, and I will confess them to God in prayer."

"But the crime for which you die—"

"I never committed. I will not die with lies in my mouth, and I tell you here, to God, that I am as guiltless of this sin as you."

"My son, confession is good for the soul. As your priest, I ask you to repent and tell by what sorcery you were led to turn traitor to France and take bribes of her enemies. I have here written a confession, to save you saying that you are guilty. Sign your name to it."

"Dare you degrade a noble calling by asking me to do that, priest? Lefebvre has sent me here to tempt me, but he does not know me. Away, before I forget what you are, and what you are to me."

The priest started up suddenly and came forward, and the prisoner, stretching his manacled hands, caught him by the beard and gave it a tug. As he had posed, the beard came off, and revealed the visage of Walter Neville!

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, ha, ha! you a priest, good friend Neville.
fore I brain you with my hand-cuffs!
He uttered a savage curse, and, catching
beard, sprung out and closed the door
him, putting on the beard as he went.
ocking laughter of the young prisoner
d him.

ne of the lower rooms he found Lefebre

as he signed it?" he cried, eagerly.

ot he! He has detected me, tore the
from my face, and laughed at me."

urse him! But it does not matter.

him and this accursed Recluse out of the

have nothing to fear."

Why will you speak of him?" whispered

ser villain. "I know that he is dead; I

that I killed him, but his face will not

me."

You escaped by a miracle. What do you

see the black would have done with you if

ad not slipped the buckle and escaped."

I should be a dead man now," replied Ne-

sullenly. "What is to be done with old

le?"

Leave him under guard. You have

ng to do with him whatever. Come

into the street."

ney left the building and walked out into

main thoroughfare of the growing city.

CHAPTER XII.

ALIE was a prisoner—the prisoner of
nel Lefebre.

he knew that her lover was in danger, and

that the charge against her was trumped up to keep her out of the way, and to throw upon any testimony she might give against her enemy. Her father was also a prisoner in the room, and the only known friends of Chastellar were thus disposed of.

She tried to escape, but every movement was watched. Night came and found her still a prisoner. The night was half gone when there was an alarm in the upper part of the house, and the guard ran down to report that she had escaped, how, no one knew. Captain Le Sabreur received the report calmly, and went up to look at the room. The evidences of a struggle were plainly manifest, the furniture was in disorder, and Coralie was gone.

"You may stay in the house," said the captain, "and I will go down and report to the colonel."

There was a lurking smile upon the face of the duelist. It was evident that he knew more of the escape than he cared to say, and that he did not take him by surprise.

"Had Coralie indeed escaped?"

She had remained quietly in her room, and called to the window by a low tapping sound. Pushing the sash aside, she saw the face of a man close to hers.

"If you would escape," he whispered, "I will aid you. The guard has been drugged, and the way is open."

"Who sent you to me?"

"A friend of Louis Chastellar, and your friend as well. He desires your help in setting the prisoner free."

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lie could think of nothing worse than
in a prisoner in the hands of Lefebvre,
determined to take the proffered aid.

le she yet hesitated, he was joined by
man, who came out of an alley-way
hand. The last man carried something

his arm which looked like a cloak. Being
pped, it proved to be one of those hooded
worn by French women of the lower

they wait for you," said the last man.
this on, lady, and make haste."

pushed him aside and uttered a single
a, but before she could repeat it the cloak
rown over her head, muffling her cries.

he was lifted in strong arms and carried
y down the alley from which the last man
ome. Shortly after a door was opened and

after them, and the man who carried her
r down.

Help me, Neville," he whispered. "She
gles like the devil."

You may as well be quiet," hissed a voice.
are in a trap, and no help can come to

he cloak was thrown off, and she found
lf standing in a narrow, dimly-lighted
held fast by two men, one of whom was

er Neville. He was laughing over the
ess of his plot, and exulting in her agony.

The colonel has prepared a beautiful cage
his fine bird," said Neville. "Make your-

at home, lady, and excuse us if we leave
somewhat abruptly."

Do not leave me," gasped Coralie, seizing

him by the arm. "In the name of your mother I charge you not to leave me here alone."

He shook off her grasp roughly, and sprang from the room, followed by his companion, she heard the clatter of bolts and bars, knew that she was a more hopeless prisoner than ever. What would be her fate, and what purpose had she been brought to place?

Her doubts were soon changed to certainty. She heard the bolts withdrawn, and a moment after, Lefebvre came in and closed the door behind him. She uttered a cry of horror, sprung away, placing a table between herself and her enemy.

"Can you give me no better reception than that, my dear girl?" he said. "Is the offer of my love an insult?"

"Yes; the deadliest insult you could offer me. Let me go free, and you may not have cause to repent it."

"Have your own way, hard-hearted girl. You have spoken the death-sentence of one who loves you. When the morning comes, and you hear the march of troops, and the sound of the military drum, you will then know that Louis Chastel is going out to his death."

"It will be a foul murder, for he is innocent."

"Grant that he is, no one can prove it save myself. I have in my possession proofs of that innocence, and could set him free in an hour. I will do it now, if you will promise to marry me. Having done that, I know you will keep your word."

SORCERER; OR,

THE RECLUSE OF MONT ROYAL.

87

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in this prison you shall stay until you
nt to be my wife. In Montreal I am
nte, as you shall find. Come this way."
e opened a small panel in the wall, which
erved to conceal a single thick pane of
commanding a view of the extensive plain
e rear of the city.

"When you hear the drum," said he, "look
this window and you will see a sight
h will please you—the execution of a
inal."

He turned and left the room, locking the
securely, and Coralie Laval was alone,
ing for the coming of the morning which
to bring such great evil upon her and hers.
Morning came, bright and beautiful. She
hed aside the panel and looked out. A bell
tolling in a spire near at hand—slow,
mn notes, pealing through the clear morn-
air. It was tolling for a death—the death
Louis Chastellar!

An hour passed on, and the head of a march-
column began to pass the house in which
poor girl was confined. Not one among
m could hardly believe Louis Chastellar
lty, and yet, the condemnation was out
inst him, and he must pay the forfeit.

Coralie stood with her eyes fixed upon the
cession as it drew out upon the plain, wait-
for the moment when Louis should appear.
last she saw him marching between two
s of soldiers, with erect head and haughty

bearing, as if he marched to his wedding to his death.

"Must I look on and see him die," g
Coralie, clasping her hands in agony.
too terrible; I cannot bear it."

She covered her face with her hands, fell face downward on the sofa. But the of the drum called her again to her feet she saw that the soldiers had formed hollow square, the open end facing mountain. Inside the square stood the of and staff of Colonel Lefebre, who was, for time being, commandant in Montreal.

An officer approached with a handker and seemed about to bind it upon the eye of Chastellar, but he threw it off with a gesture. And now the firing party advanced and took their stations, while the young bent his knee a moment in prayer. Coralie saw him rise quickly, turn to Colonel Lefebre and cry out something in a manner of haughty defiance, and the colonel made an angry gesture. As he did so, Coralie saw, gleaming in the sun-rays, twelve long muskets levelled at her lover's heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOUIS CHASTELLAR had accepted the fate store for him bravely, and was ready when soldiers came to lead him out to death.

Lefebre did not waste time. He refused to allow any dying speech upon the part of the prisoner, and gave him only a moment

SORCERER; OR,

THE RECLUSE OF MONT ROYAL.

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When he had prayed, Louis rose,
looking fixedly at Lefebre, thundered

"Now, murderer, do your work."

Lefebre raised his hand, and in an instant
the soul of Louis Chastellar would have
out a great tumult arose, and a man
d into the space before the colonel, hold-
open paper in his hand.

"Montcalm sends you this," he cried.

The colonel snatched the paper and read
in three words.

Suspend the execution.

Montcalm."

"Who sent this?" he cried, fiercely, turn-
ing to the messenger.

"The Marquis."

"It is false, and the paper you have brought
is a forgery—a trick to save this man from

"Let the execution go on!"

"This will not do, colonel," cried Erne
stin, spurring his horse in front of his
squad. "None of us will stand here and see
murder a man in opposition to Montcalm's

"Ground arms, men!"

The sergeant of the firing-party, who was
Erne's company, gave an order to the men,
they grounded arms briskly, evidently glad
so.

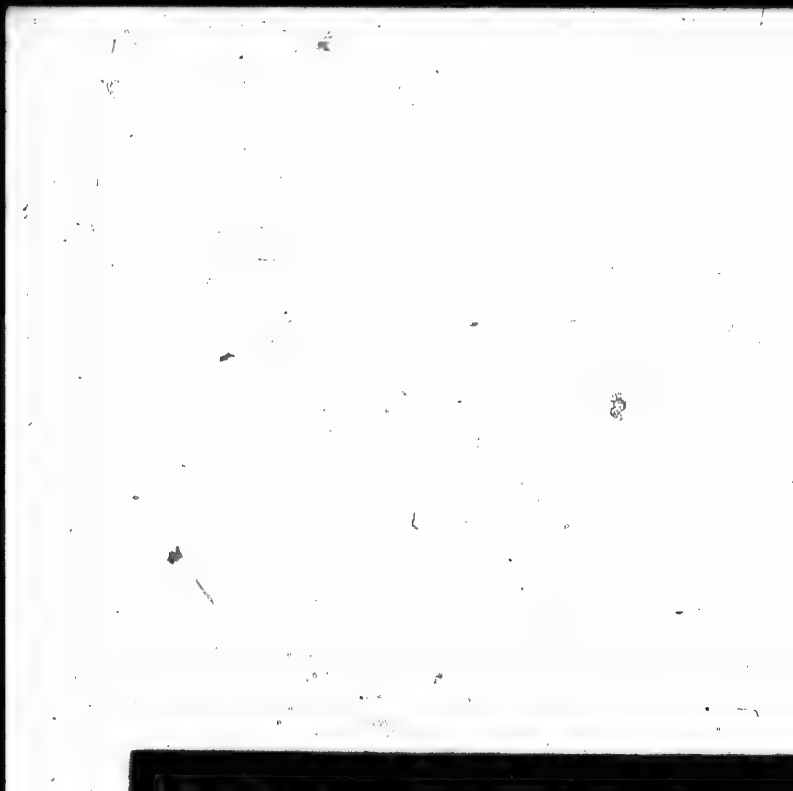
"Treason here, by heaven!" cried Lefebre
and back, Lieutenant Erne Celestin, or you
stand beside this other traitor. Riflemen,
to the front."

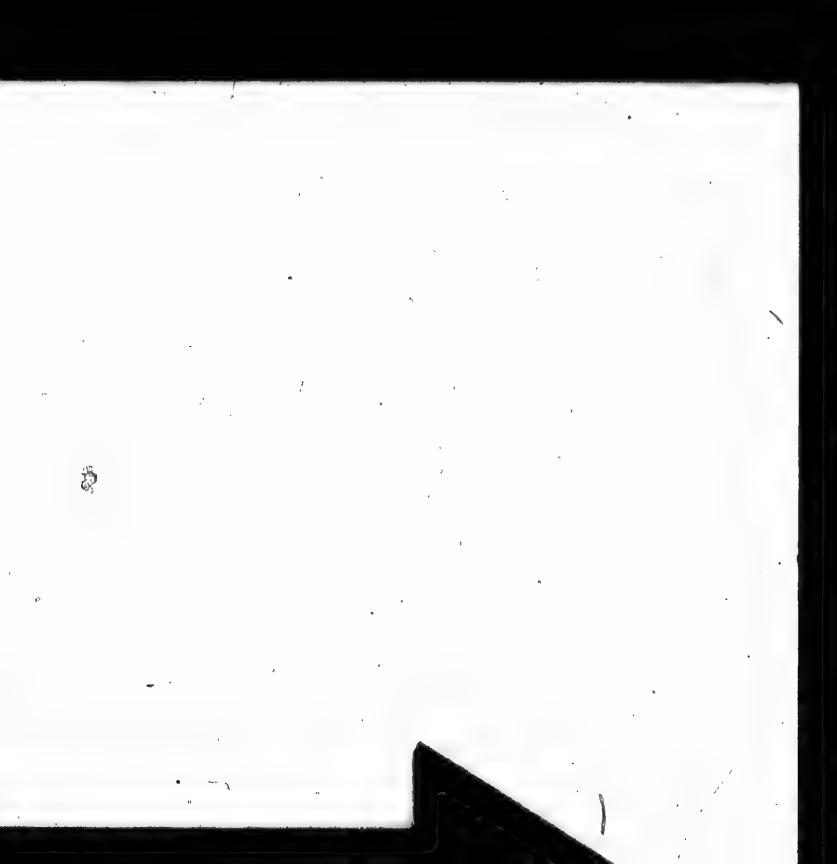
The men refused to move, and while they
in doubt a brilliant company of officers
d up, and at their head rode that firm,

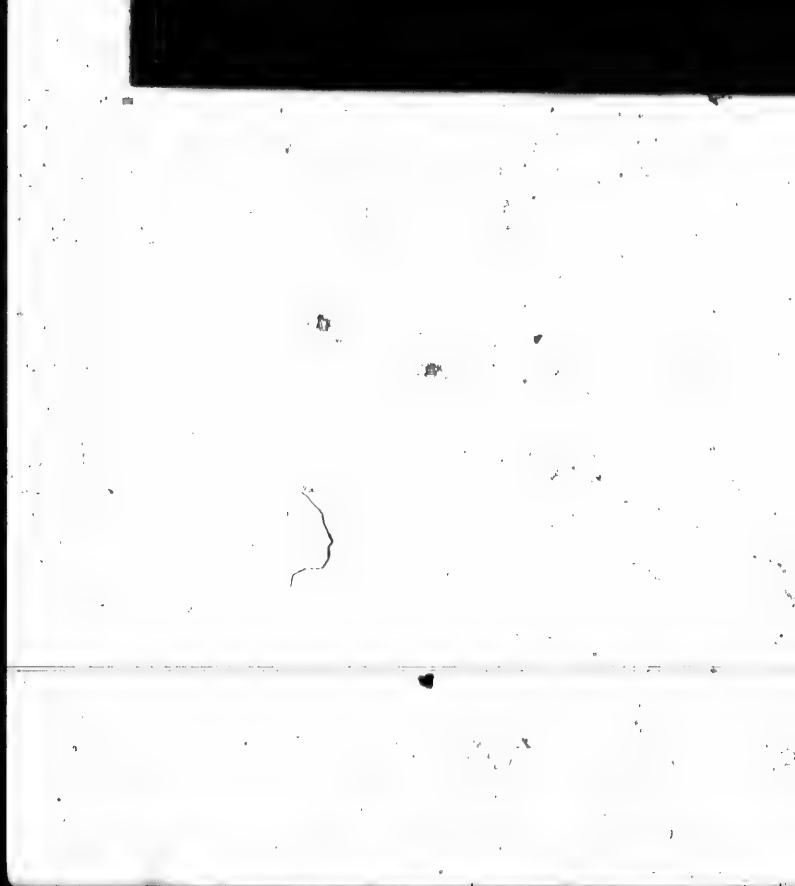
XIII.

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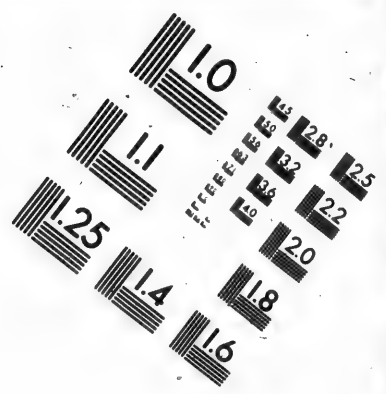
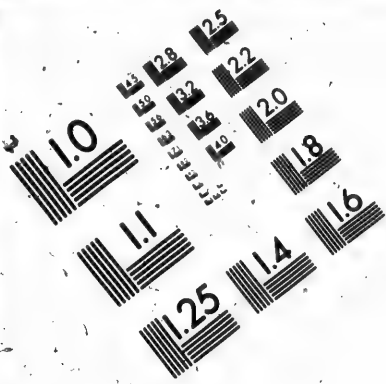
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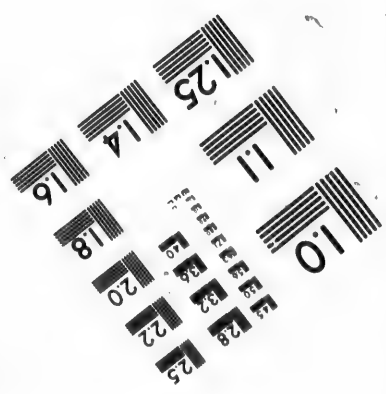
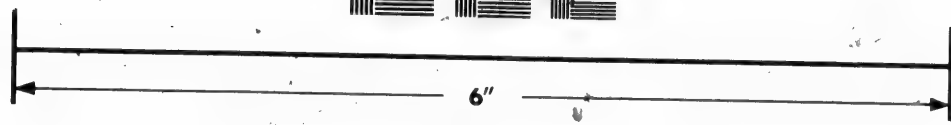
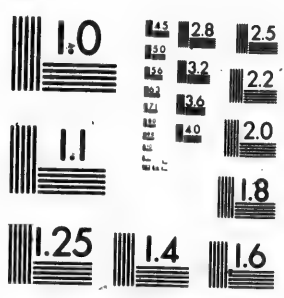








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10

iron-willed man who ruled so well the destinies of Canada.

"Non!" cried Montcalm. "Attention! cover arms, soldiers."

The butts of the rifles dropped together on the earth, and a sigh of relief broke from the breast of every soldier.

"Lieutenant Celestin, you will release the prisoner from his bonds and bring him forward."

Montcalm dismounted, and every officer did the same. As they alighted an officer in the uniform of a colonel turned a triumphant look toward Lefebvre, and he saw the face of the man whom Neville had met upon the mount—Aubrey De Lambert. A cry of triumph broke from his lips at the sight.

"You, you!" he cried. "Ah, then, you are doomed!"

"Yes, villain," cried De Lambert, "the man you have hunted almost to the death turns upon you at last. The proofs you have so long withheld are in the hands of the marquis, and you cannot escape. The day you designed for another you must taste."

"Not yet!" hissed the colonel, and, wheeling his horse, he dashed suddenly through the crowd, overturning them right and left, before a hand could be laid upon him, he was gone away on the plain, at full speed.

"Let him go," said Montcalm. "It is impossible for him to escape. Guards are posted at every barrier, and he will be taken. Move forward. Walter Neville, You, a year ago captain of Canadian irregulars, a disgraced

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Take charge of him, Lieutenant
ice, and lead him to prison."

ville, heavily ironed, and pale as death,
ed away by the guard.

Captain Louis Chastellar," said Montcalm.

have been accused of a dreadful crime,
he finding of the court was against you.

now my pleasing duty to apologise to
or an unintentional wrong, and to restore

to you the commission so nobly earned, and
to you a company in the Twelfth regiment

files, now stationed in Montreal."
But there is no vacancy, your excellency,"

pered a major.
There will be soon. Captain Jules Le

eur, advance! You have been accused of
duct unbecoming an officer and a gentle-

and may consider yourself under arrest.
ain Chastellar will take your company for

present. Remove him, Sergeant Darnay."
lad to perform the duty, the sergeant ad-

ed, followed by two files of his company,
led away the obnoxious captain.

It now remains for me to explain to you.
ers and soldiers, that Captain Chastellar

the object of a deep-laid conspiracy on the
of Colonel Lefebre and a man now dead.

incorruptible spirit was in the way of
peculations of the public money, and

determined to throw their own guilts upon
shoulders. Lefebre entrusted him with

letters to carry to a certain point, and
letters, which were upon his person when

ted, were found to be directed to various

Englishmen of note, and contained information of the plans of our generals. These letters were carried unsuspectingly, and they proved the downfall.

"The second person mentioned was before the army at Québec, three days ago an English spy. The day before his death, he made a sworn and witnessed statement in my presence, detailing the manner of this great villain's

"And now, for more of the work of this arch traitor," said Montcalm. "I am ordered by his condemnation, because the court-martial has acted upon his case and he is condemned. You see this gallant officer—" laying his hand upon the shoulder of the colonel, at the same time whose face Lefebvre had been so terrified. "you may not recognize him, but, when you see you that this is the celebrated Aubrey Lambert, you will know him."

Aubrey De Lambert! Many of the officers remembered him, ten years before, as one of the most promising officers in the service.

"De Lambert was so condemned by a court-martial, but his punishment was only to be 'dismissed from the service,' and an intimation from again setting his foot within the realm of Canada. The accusation was plotting to make himself the head of a realm, which he was found here, and the principal witness was Lefebvre and this man who died confessing his guilt. The proofs of his innocence he found in a series of letters between Lefebvre and his coadjutor, which were in Lefebvre's possession. He has sought them for long years and found them at last, and I pronounce him free."

contained information worthy to lead the soldiers of France. These letters, and they proved upon cheer followed.

"Your excellency," said De Lambert, "I beg you to let me go. There is still work for me, which only I can do. If you will permit me, I will take Captain Chastellar along with me."

permission was given, and the two, so lately restored to their rank, rode as fast as they could through the crowd, passing directly under the windows of the house in which Coralie was confined. As they passed, they heard a woman's scream, a pistol shot, and a shower of heavy blows.

"Your voice," cried Chastellar. "Oh, God, what does it mean?"

The door opened as they rushed in, and in the centre, in a ghastly heap, lay the dead form of the prisoner, his skull crushed like an egg-shell. He lay on the floor, at a little distance, lay endeavouring to stanch the blood which flowed from a wound in his breast, and Coralie, pale, half fainting, looking with dilating eyes at the fearful sight. Recognising Chastellar, she threw herself into his arms with a cry.

"You are not hurt," he said, clasping her to him. "Thank God for that."

"Save her to me," cried De Lambert.

"My child, look at me. After many years, I have come back to you. I am your father, Coralie."

In an instant she was in his arms, and he held her in a fervent clasp, close to his beating heart.

heart. A sort of gasping sigh called attention, and they saw that Abah had nearer, and was trying to clasp the knee of Lambert.

"Oh, heaven," he cried, "my faithful, have I only come in time to see you?" He raised himself with an effort, and exultantly at the dead form of Lefebvre at his own breast. Then his hand moved as if he asked a question.

"Yea, Abah," said Aubrey; "thy daughter. But let me look at your wound."

The Moor waved him aside impatiently, taking a fold of Coralie's robe, pressed it to his lips. Then, grasping his master's hand in his own, he pressed it to his lips back, dead!

"Faithful unto death," said De Laval. "Let us leave this place, my daughter; terrible a place for you. In good time we shall understand how it was I did not claim you."

"Have you ever thought of the boy you promised to be faithful when Laval called you, Coralie?" whispered Louis, as they went out together.

"Often; I fear he is dead," said Coralie softly. "Poor fellow, he loved me."

"No, Coralie; he is not dead, but he loves you still. Louis Chastellar will not forget what he promised the little maid long ago."

"Are you he?" cried the girl in amazement. "Surprises will never end."

They went to Lavelle's house, and

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ced before the old man the box which he
own aside as empty. Touching a spring,
d paper was revealed which contained
ords:

the intercession of my captain, I con-
rear as my own the child whom he has
to me. Her father was the celebrated
De Lambert who was tried for conspiracy
nished from the colony. Her mother
o years ago of a fever brought on by her
d's misfortunes. JACQUES CRILLON."

nd now, to explain some things which
een mysteries up to this time, Coralie.
ve been saddened for the fate of the Re-
of Mont Royale, because you thought
ally murdered. He lives and you shall

rose and left the room, and, shortly after,
ump of a staff was heard, the door opened,
e Recluse stood before them! Coralie
up with a glad cry, and sprung to meet
hen the white beard and cloak fell off,
ey saw—Aubrey De Lambert!
ou the Recluse," cried Coralie. "Is it
e?"

and no other. In this disguise my plans
een perfected at length."
ut I saw Neville hurl you into the
," gasped Coralie.

another delusion. The figure was not
out a stuffed figure, wearing my clothing
urposely placed there to tempt Neville.
into the trap as you saw, and thinks to
y that I have been slain by his hand."

Walter Neville hanged himself in prison. Le Sabreur was deprived of his commission, returned to France, where he perished after, in a duel which he had provoked. Aubert fled to the English colonies, not daunted by the indignation of Montcalm. Aubert and Lambert gladly gave his daughter in marriage to the brave young soldier, Chastellar, and led happy and blameless lives. Both the families who had regained their ancient honours by Montcalm's side through all his wars were both with him when he died upon the blood-stained battle-field on the Plains of Abraham.

The story of Abah was a sad one. Before, when Lefebvre was a subaltern in a regiment, he had surprised a camp of Moors of which Abah was chief. The women and children were killed by the sword, and Abah fell under a terrible sabre cut from the hand of Lefebvre. It was a useless butchery, and when the Moor came to himself he lay in a pool of his own blood surrounded by the lifeless bodies of those he loved. He registered a vow never to cease following Lefebvre until he was dead. In due manner he came to take service with Desbarts. Desbarts need not be told, but it was for the sake of his servant that Lefebvre had been suffered to live so long. When the time came, the Moors in that bloody camp were avenged.

THE END.

